

The Sketch

No. 984A.—Vol. LXXVI.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1911.

SIXPENCE.



THE ANGÈLE OF DALY'S: MISS DAISIE IRVING IN THE PART MISS LILY ELSIE CREATED
IN "THE COUNT OF LUXEMBOURG."

Angèle, it will be remembered, is wedded to Count René under curious conditions; the contracting parties are hidden from one another by a painting. Through the canvas of this Angèle thrusts her hand that the ring may be placed on her finger. Here, we imagine that she has completely broken her way through it. In the absence of Miss Lily Elsie—married—Miss Daisy Irving is playing the part with uncommon success.—[Arrangement by "The Sketch"; photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]

BUY IT NOW, OR YOU MAY BE TOO LATE! "THE SKETCH" CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

"The Sketch" Christmas Number is now on sale at all bookstalls and newsagents'. It is as light and bright as ever, and is certain to be sold out immediately, so copies should be bought at once. The number includes eight beautiful pictures in full colours, and an exquisite presentation plate in photogravure from a picture by Henrietta Rae; also drawings by Heath Robinson, John Hassall, H. M. Bateman, and other Sketch Artists. There are stories by Dion Clayton Calthrop, Rafael Sabatini, Christopher Stone, and Edward Cecil, illustrated by J. R. Skelton, Lawson Wood, Steven Spurrier, and G. E. Scott. The price is One Shilling.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

A Book for Men.

There are so many books for children published at this season of the year, and there are so many books that appeal to women only published all the year round, that I am glad to have discovered a book for men. It is called "The Human Compass," and the author is Bart Kennedy.

If one were in a hurry, one might sum up Bart Kennedy as "The Tramp Maeterlinck." That would be fair to Maeterlinck, but not to Bart Kennedy, for the latter has a quality that I, at any rate, have never discovered in the former—namely, humour. I am quite aware that there is a little joke in "The Blue Bird" about the milk turning, which gave great satisfaction to the elect, but that is not up to Bart Kennedy's humour.

His is a rough, bitter humour—a humour born of much suffering, much seeing, much thinking. I did not mark any passages in the book with a pencil as I went through it; for one reason, I was in bed when I read it, and there was no pencil within reach; for another reason, if you begin looking out for "quotable bits" in a book you spoil your enjoyment of the book. It is not fair to the author to read a book remembering that you are going to write about it. Read it critically, if you like, but not professionally critically. I had no idea that I was going to write anything about Bart Kennedy's book when I read it, nor should I have written anything about it had it not struck me as being uncommonly good and uncommonly virile.

Fasting for Sixty Hours.

I have heard a good many hard things said about Bart Kennedy's style. I have even attempted to parody it in these very Notes; but I never heard anybody deny his virility. And that is a rare quality in modern writing. You get it in Kipling and you get it in Conan Doyle, but the majority of writers aim rather at the epigrammatic or the sensuous.

I should like you to read Bart Kennedy's account of his sixty hours without food in San Francisco. It is told very simply, very circumstantially, and you feel that it is true.

"The hunger was torturing me. I had burning pains in my stomach, and pains shooting through my head. And as I walked along I had a curious sense of lightness—a sense akin in a measure to what one feels when one is aboard ship, and not yet accustomed to the roll of the sea. But I felt no loss of power. Indeed, I felt, if anything, stronger than usual. I certainly felt a greater power of activity. If I had had to fight for my life now I could have done better than I could have in my normal state. The pain and the curious sense of lightness did not affect the physical control of myself."

That seems to me an admirable description of the sensation of starving. Most people have starved, I suppose, at some time or another, and they will know precisely what he means by the "curious sense of lightness," and the "aboard ship" sensation.

The "Sense of Property."

This is certainly not a book for children or a book for the squeamish. It is much too "naughty"—naughty, I mean, not in the sickly sense that we are all so weary of, but naughty in the bland disregard of Man's rules and regulations for Man.

You will often hear people say, with tremendous pride, "I have no morals." Make off with the boaster's umbrella and see what he thinks about it. By having "no morals," he means that a nice, quite safe little sin appeals to him very strongly. Bart Kennedy does not deal in morals of that sort. I fancy that they are beneath his notice. The moral that interests him most, according

to this book, is the moral regarding the property of others. He has a deep-rooted grievance against the rich employer of labour. He cannot understand that organisation deserves any reward. Money should be the direct reward for direct work. If you can get neither work nor money, what are you going to do about it?

"I do not wish to decry charity," he says, "for charity is, in a way, a beautiful thing. It is really a recognition of the right of other people to exist. . . . A sum of money given in charity is in the end only a command to working people to give of their labour and the fruits of their labour to other people."

And so on. I take no sides in the question here and now, but I find Bart Kennedy's exposition of it extremely amusing and excellent reading.

The Human Touch.

How little we know of the lives of the very great! I am sure we should love them more if they would take us more freely into their confidence. The Bishop of London is very clever at this sort of thing. He doubled his popularity by telling the world that he thought out his sermons when he was shaving in the morning. People felt, in a flash, that they knew the man. "He shaves!" they exclaimed. "He shaves himself! He shaves in the morning!" They pictured him before the mirror, one side of his face covered with soap, his coat, waistcoat, and collar off—just like daddy! Those are the touches that win the human heart.

My heart has just warmed towards Mr. Balfour. I take no interest in politics except as a gigantic and expensive game, but I do take interest in certain politicians. I have always been more or less interested in Mr. Balfour, but Mr. Lyttelton's story of a drive through Dublin with Mr. Balfour has greatly increased my interest.

It was in 1888, as far as Mr. Lyttelton remembers, and Dublin was a dangerous place for politicians. They were driving through the streets in a brougham, followed by a car containing the necessary detectives. Suddenly there came a tremendous blow on the back panel of the brougham! Mr. Lyttelton was half-stunned! The carriage was strewn with glass and broken timber! A shot, undoubtedly, had been fired at them!

Mr. Balfour merely smiled. He knew that it was not a shot, but merely the pole of the car behind bumping into them. Think of this little story the next time you see a stately procession: it will bring you nearer, in mind if not in body, to the seemingly Unruffled Great.

How and When to Eat.

Mr. Henry J. Nash writes a rather severe letter to one of my daily papers on the always jolly topic of eating. Mr. Nash says: "We should adapt our system of dietary to the kind of work it is necessary for us to perform. A scholar should eat foodstuffs designed to build up his brain-cells. A labourer should eat that which is calculated to build up the muscles."

On the other hand, if the labourer will build up his brain-cells, he may eventually become clever enough to live without severe physical labour; and if the scholar will build up his muscles, he may keep out of the asylum or the cemetery for a time.

Mr. Nash holds, further, that we should only eat three times a day. Why? Watch that noble animal, the horse, or that sweet creature, the cow: they eat all day and all night—*slowly*. This must be Nature's intention. In prehistoric days, man had to eat quickly between battles. Nowadays, he should take advantage of civilisation to eat all the time, except when he is sleeping. Just a steady nibble. Then he would never be tired, or peevish, or dyspeptic. I should like Mr. Nash to think it over.

GOLFERS GROTESQUED — BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



IX.—AMATEURS: MESSRS. BERNARD DARWIN, F. A. WOOLLEY, JOHN BALL, EDWARD BLACKWELL, AND JOHN GRAHAM JUN.

Mr. Bernard Darwin, who was born at Down, in Kent, in 1876, has handicaps varying between plus four and plus three. He played for Cambridge for three years, being the captain in one of them, and has played for England against Scotland in six years. He won the London Amateur Foursomes in 1907, playing with F. H. Mitchell, and reached the semi-final in the Amateur Championship in 1909. Mr. Woolley is well known as an amateur golfer, and has put up some excellent fights. Mr. Blackwell, who was born at St. Andrews in 1866, was runner-up in the Amateur Championship in 1904, and has played for Scotland versus England in seven years. Mr. John Ball was born at Hoylake in 1863. His many successes include the winning of the Amateur Championship in 1888, 1890, 1892, 1894, 1899, 1907, and 1910; the Open Championship in 1893, 1894, and 1899. Mr. John Graham Jun. was born at Liverpool in 1877, has won five bronze medals in amateur championships, and fifteen scratch medals at Hoylake.

WITH THE "GUNS": SHOTS SNAPSHOTTED.



1. A SPORTING SHOT AT A WOOD-PIGEON: LORD COCHRANE, MISS WARNER, LADY POWERSCOURT, EARL SONDES, MR. STREATFIELD, AND LORD POWERSCOURT AT SIR COURTENAY WARNER'S SHOOT AT BRETTEHAM, SUFFOLK.

2. BY THE BAG: LORD POWERSCOURT AND SIR COURTENAY WARNER.

3. OF LORD PEMBROKE'S PARTY: LORD HENRY SCOTT AND THE MARQUESS OF RIPON.

4. WELL "SKIRTED" WITH A MACINTOSH: CAPTAIN DUFF, OF THE EARL OF PEMBROKE'S PARTY.

5. IN A HOT CORNER: LORD ELPHINSTONE AT THE EARL OF PEMBROKE'S SHOOT.

6. AT SIR COURTENAY WARNER'S SHOOT: LORD AND LADY NUNBURNHOLME.

7. GUESTS OF SIR COURTENAY WARNER: LORD SONDES AND MISS LAWSON.

Lord Cochrane is the elder of the Earl of Dundonald's sons, and is in the Scots Guards. Sir Thomas Courtenay Theydon Warner is the first Baronet and has sat for the Lichfield Division of Staffordshire since February 1896. Amongst his positions is that of Chairman of the Law Land Company. He married Lady Leucha Diana Maude, daughter of the first Earl de Montalt, in 1883. Lord Powerscourt was formerly a Lieutenant in the Irish Guards, and was Comptroller of the Household to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (the Earl of Aberdeen) in 1906 and 1907. In 1903 he married Miss Sybil Pleydell-Bouverie. Earl Sondes served in South Africa as a Lieutenant of the 20th Battalion Imperial Yeomanry. Lord Henry Scott is a son of the Duke of Buccleuch. He served in South Africa, 1900-2. The Marquess of Ripon was appointed Treasurer of the Household to Queen Alexandra in 1901. In 1885 he married Constance Gladys, widow of the fourth Earl of Lonsdale, and sister of the fourteenth Earl of Pembroke. Lord Elphinstone, the sixteenth Baron, married the eldest daughter of the Earl of Strathmore. Lord Nunburnholme, the second Baron, served in South Africa with the Mounted Infantry of the C.I.V. In 1901 he married Lady Marjorie Cecilia, daughter of the first Earl Carrington.—[Photographs by Newspaper Illustrations and Topical.]

WAKING DREAMS: THE "SWAN QUEEN" AS CRYSTAL-GAZER.



Mme. Krzeszinska.



A FAMOUS BALLERINA AT WHOSE PERFORMANCE A FAMOUS VIOLINIST PLAYED TWO SOLOS
AT COVENT GARDEN: MME. KRZESZINSKA.

At the production of Tchaikovsky's ballet, "Le Lac des Cygnes," given for the first time at Covent Garden on Nov. 30, Mme. Krzeszinska, the famous Russian ballerina, appeared as the Swan Queen and gave a fascinating performance. The occasion was especially interesting by reason of the presence of a famous violinist, Mischa Elman, who played the two violin solos in the ballet. It may be noted that crystal-gazing is a method of evoking what are known as waking dreams. The steady gaze into a reflecting surface in some cases causes impressions that have been unconsciously absorbed to reappear, to the surprise of the gazer.—[Camera-Portrait by E. O. Hoppe.]

HIS MAJESTY'S. Proprietor, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.
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TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider Photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

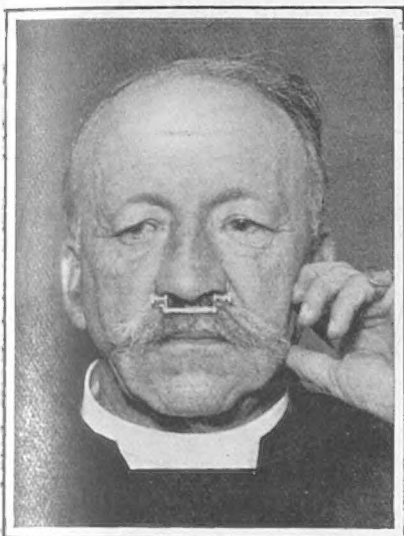
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The Barren Rocks of Aden.

After all, the King-Emperor on the *Medina* did manage to pay a flying visit to Aden, that very warm outpost of the Indian Empire which is quite accustomed to be treated as the ugly duckling of British stations, and is well aware that it offers few attractions to a traveller. The drive out to the tanks is the one holiday trip it offers, and it strikes most globe-trotters as rather pathetic that so much fuss should be made about some small reservoirs and a little grass. I think I can claim to have seen as much rain at Aden as many men who have spent a year in the place have seen, for on two occasions when I have been on board a P. and O. steamer calling at Aden,



THE SNORE-STOPPER: THE REV. A. A. BARRATT WEARING THE INGENIOUS DEVICE OF HIS INVENTION.

The Rev. Alfred Allen Barratt, who has been Vicar of Holy Trinity, Claygate, Essex, since 1885, has invented the device he is here seen wearing, as a cure for snoring and the troubles brought about by breathing incorrectly. It is a small metal attachment, which, being adjusted to the nostrils, makes nasal breathing both easy and natural. Medical authorities agree that the habit of breathing through the mouth tends to produce lung trouble and diseases of the throat and nose.

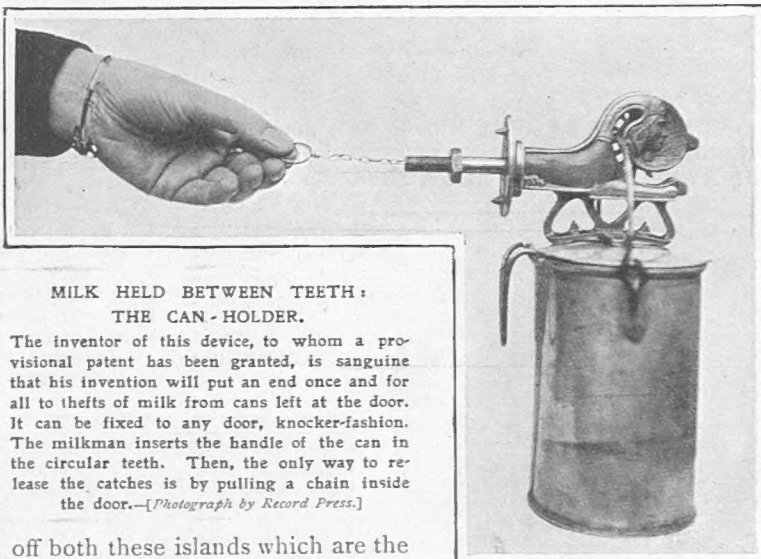
Photograph by L.N.A.

Army is that it is technically Indian territory, and that if any officer of our Indian forces can find any duty to perform there on his way home on "privilege leave," he draws Indian pay till that duty is accomplished, and his leave only commences when the ship he is on leaves Aden. Aden is therefore the most inspected spot in the world, and its batteries and its sanitary arrangements, and its commissariat and ordnance stores, and its garrison of all arms are subjected to constant, if somewhat brief, inspections. There is sometimes active service to be seen at Aden, for the Aden Troop, which is quartered on the neck of land connecting the peninsula, have on occasion to interfere in tribal warfare, and sometimes the Aden garrison has to support its cavalry. The tourist is often told how, in the days when the British first occupied the barren land, the Arabs used to creep round the base of the precipitous rocks at night and try to slaughter some infidels before the guards were alarmed. Nowadays, however, the garrison of the peninsula can sleep securely in their beds; and they have no fear as to a scarcity of water, for all their needs and all

the needs of the ships in the harbour are supplied by distilling-stations, which convert salt water into fresh.

Perim and Succotra.

Perim, to the north of Aden, and Succotra to the south, are two islands on which many ships have left their bones. There are very strong and uncertain currents



MILK HELD BETWEEN TEETH: THE CAN-HOLDER.

The inventor of this device, to whom a provisional patent has been granted, is sanguine that his invention will put an end once and for all to thefts of milk from cans left at the door. It can be fixed to any door, knocker-fashion. The milkman inserts the handle of the can in the circular teeth. Then, the only way to release the catches is by pulling a chain inside the door.—[Photograph by Record Press.]

off both these islands which are the terror of navigators. Perim was the island on which the characters in Tom Taylor's "Overland Route" were for a time marooned. Succotra, on the inhospitable shores of which I read that a ship has just been wrecked and has been pillaged by the natives, is always associated in my mind with Chinese Gordon. I have before mentioned a voyage on which that hero and I were fellow-passengers. At Colombo we took on board two lady missionaries, who were placed near Gordon at the dinner-table, and who subjected him daily to unlimited hero-worship. Gordon disliked this very much, but he could not escape from it. When we were abreast of Succotra he asked the Captain to put him ashore there. The Captain, much surprised, said that he could not possibly do anything of the kind, and remained firm though hard pressed. "Then," said Gordon, "you must change my place at the dinner table." I asked Gordon what he would have done had his request been acceded to, and he told me that he would have employed his time in helping and teaching the Arabs until some passing ship took him off.

Cantonese Pirates. The attack by pirates on the British river-steamer *Shuion*, on the Canton River, is by no means the first incident of the kind. In the days when I was at Hong-Kong the Chinese passengers on these river-boats were always separated by locked gratings from the upper decks, the reason for this being that one of the steamers had been seized by pirates disguised as peaceful passengers, who murdered the officers and looted everything of value before escaping ashore with their booty. The Chinese pirate is not the theatrically attired monster with whom we are familiar in melodrama. There is nothing until he produces a sword, a revolver, or a cut-down shot-gun from under his loose tunic, to distinguish him from any peaceful coolie. Every ship that sails the China seas or rivers has a rack of rifles handy to the bridge, and more than one attempted piracy has been defeated by the officers and the European quartermasters. Captain Johnson, of the *Shuion*, managed with a couple of revolvers to hold the bridge.



FOR LUCK, THE FATMA HAND, AND A SANDAL-WOOD AMULET WHICH HAS "MADE THE PILGRIMAGE" TO MECCA, AND HAS "TOUCHED" THE TOMB OF THE PROPHET AT MEDINA.

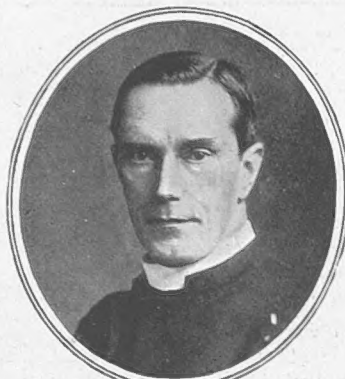
Representations of hands are common in North Africa as amulets. The Europeans call them Fatma hands; but the Arab name is Kham ("five fingers"). The number 5 ("khamsa") is so potent that it is not good to use it in conversation.



WHATEVER other regrets the friends of Mr. Balfour may have, they have no longer any at all about his health. He has never felt better in his life than he now does. His spirits are at pinnacle-point, and his sense of humour, which some people were beginning to fear was at fault, has reasserted itself. "Arthur is constantly laughing," is the testimony of a close personal friend.

Church and Stage. Dear old Charlie Brookfield, who in the hands of Mr. Bernard Shaw is made into a fearsome ogre of exceptional narrowness, is known to his friends as a man of the world, with a bias towards the other-worldliness provided by the rules of Roman Catholicism. At the

Brompton Oratory he may be seen o' Sundays in the company of those other devout church-goers and stage



CALLED "THE DISMAL DEAN": DR. INGE, DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S. No sooner had Dean Inge delivered the first of his series of lectures on "The Co-operation of the Church with the Spirit of the Age," than he was described as the Dismal Dean. Dr. Inge became Dean of St. Paul's this year.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

look upon his departure as a flight. For all his sturdy qualities, he has his human weaknesses, and when last he was heard in the Commons he was betrayed by a common frailty of the flesh. A long speech was going forward; the speaker looked for backing from his supporters, and Sir Gilbert duly applauded: "Hear—" And then a dreadful gulf and gulp. Even between one "hear" and the next, he had been conquered by an immense yawn. The House laughed; and now Sir Gilbert, in America, finds the atmosphere almost too bracing to allow of a yawn when yawns would excite no senatorial diversion.

Engaged. The engagement of Lady Kathleen Skinner's daughter to Mr. Moore, son of the King's Counsel, recalls the already existing links between her family and the law. Two of Lady Kathleen



WIFE OF SIR GEORGE BULLOUGH: LADY BULLOUGH.

Lady Bullough is the wife of Sir George Bullough, son of Mr. John Bullough, of Meggernie Castle, and a brother of Mr. Ian Bullough, who recently married Miss Lily Elsie. Lady Bullough is a daughter of the fourth Marquis de la Pasture. She was married in 1903.

Photograph by Bassano.

humourists, Sir Frank Burnand and Mr. George Grossmith jun. All three have had to do with the authorship of popular farces, and not one of them has, perhaps, much sympathy with the morbid and revolutionary drama, the green-mouldy passions dear to some of the new playwrights. All the same, not one of them but would scorn the idea that he was in any way lax in regard to real morality on or off the boards.

Sir Gilbert's Yawn. Sir Gilbert Parker, having paired with Sir Archibald Williamson for the remainder of the session, is well on his way to New York. Were he a less stalwart member of the Commons, it would be easy to



THE PREMIER DUKE'S WIFE AND CHILDREN: THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK WITH THE EARL OF ARUNDEL AND LADY MARY RACHEL HOWARD. The Earl of Arundel and Surrey was born on May 30, 1908; his only sister, Lady Mary Rachel Howard, in 1905. The Duchess was the Hon. Gwendolen Mary Constable-Maxwell (now Baroness Herries in her own right), eldest daughter of the eleventh Baron Herries.—[Photograph by Speaight.]



HER FIRST PHOTOGRAPH: LADY LOREBURN.

Lady Loreburn, wife of the Lord High Chancellor of England, was Miss Violet Elizabeth Hicks-Beach, and is a daughter of Mr. William Frederick Hicks-Beach, brother of Viscount St. Aldwyn. Her wedding took place in 1907. Lord Loreburn's first wife died in 1904.

Photograph by Lafayette.

Skinner's brothers, the Earl of Bessborough and the Hon. Walter Ponsonby, as well as her nephew, Lord Duncannon, have been called to the Bar. To be called to the Bar has become almost second nature among the men of the family, and that Miss Skinner should have had a call herself in the same direction is not surprising. Another interesting engagement is that of Miss Studd. Hers is a name that still arouses enthusiasm and recalls a hundred anecdotes among cricketers. The man who has button-holed the flower of this lady's affections is, not inappropriately, a man of the cloth, for the Studd who played the greatest cricket was also a famous preacher.



THE WIFE OF THE FOURTH BARON: LADY SOUTHAMPTON.

Lady Southampton was Lady Hilda Mary Dundas, daughter of the first Marquess of Zetland. Her marriage took place in 1892.—Mrs. Maldwin Drummond, who is so well known and popular in Society, recently figured with her husband in a libel action brought against them by the proprietor and conductor of an orchestra. It was proved that a misunderstanding had occurred and the affair was settled in court.—The Hon. Mrs. Aubrey Herbert was the Hon. Mary Gertrude Vesey, and is a daughter of the fourth Viscount de Veroi. Her husband is a half-brother of Lord Carnarvon.—Miss NESTA Douglas-Pennant was accidentally shot the other day while out with a party of "guns" at Saltram, the Earl of Morley's seat near Plymouth; but is in no danger. Miss Douglas-Pennant received part of a charge in her chin. She is one of Lord Penrhyn's six half-sisters.—[Photographs by Bassano, Lallie Charles, and Val'Estrange.]



RECENTLY A PRINCIPAL IN A LIBEL CASE: MRS. MALDWIN DRUMMOND.



WIFE OF THE NEW M.P. FOR SOUTH SOMERSET: THE HON. MRS. HERBERT.



ACCIDENTALLY SHOT IN THE CHIN: THE HON. NESTA DOUGLAS-PENNANT.

THE DURBAR JOURNEY TO INDIA: ABOARD THE "MEDINA."



1. PHOTOGRAPHED ABOARD THE "MEDINA" WHILE ON HER WAY TO INDIA: THE QUEEN.

2. LADY OF THE BEDCHAMBER TO THE QUEEN AND HER MAJESTY'S LORD CHAMBERLAIN: THE COUNTESS OF SHAFTESBURY AND THE EARL ON THE "MEDINA."

3. OF THE QUEEN'S SUITE: THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, MISTRESS OF THE ROBES; THE HON. VENETIA BARING, LADY-IN-WAITING; AND THE COUNTESS OF SHAFTESBURY, LADY OF THE BEDCHAMBER.

A correspondent of the "Central News" said the other day of the voyage of the "Medina": "Two days out from the Rock we passed two Italian warships away on the horizon, and exchanged salutes. . . . His Majesty spends a great deal of time on the bridge. . . . There are cricket-matches in the evening between the ship's officers and members of the royal suite; there is dumb-bell drill daily for ladies and gentlemen of the party, and there is dancing for the royal servants. . . . Both the King and Queen have been to watch the dancing. . . . The Queen reads a great deal, and is fond of walking with her ladies. There is generally music in the evening, and the services of the Earl of Shaftesbury, who is an accomplished singer, are in great demand." At the express wish of the King, although not by his actual orders, everybody on board has been vaccinated, including his Majesty himself.—[Photographs by Ernest Brooks.]



By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

THE Bermondsey Borough Council's employees, who have been officially warned against the use of bad language, will for the future be like Marryat's captain, who said to his crew, "Bless your eyes; you know what I mean!"

Sir Victor Horsley says that lap-dogs in the upper classes and alcohol in the lower classes are the two great enemies of motherhood and the principal causes of race degeneration and decline. A case of lap in both classes.



Dinner with a dance between each course is the newest craze in the U.S.A. The dance consists of a series of short steps, after the manner of a turkey which has just finished a good meal and is feeling particularly fit. If the habitual diner-out has to earn his dinner in this way there will be no doubt about his having the fit.



"Easing the Christmas strain" says a disappointing headline. It only refers to shopping early, and has absolutely nothing to do with how to digest turkey, roast beef, plum-pudding, and mince-pies with comfort and safety.

Professor Griffith, at Leeds, speaking of dentistry in 500 B.C., said that the ancients attempted to replace lost teeth with pieces of wood tied in with string. Dentists have now got beyond that, but they still yank out the peccant tooth in the old Babylonian way.



Nearly thirty thousand lost umbrellas were found by the police last year. It says much for the discipline of the force that no one has ever seen a policeman on duty carrying an umbrella, even on the wettest days.

Martha Road, Wanstead, is now called Chester Road. And quite right too. "Chatsworth, Martha Road," or "Belvoir, Martha Road," cannot have looked well on the note-paper.

"Rieting woz invented for the purpus ov reprezenteng the sound, and iz oenly yusful so far az it duz so. The soel tru juj iz the eer." This was not written by Smith Minor but by Professor Skeat. On this principle it would be most interesting to have a correspondence between an East End costermonger and a New York Bowery boy.

In Mr. Justice Darling's Court, it came out that most habitual criminals spend their spare time in reading the reports of cases heard in the Court of Criminal Appeal. So, after all, the maligned penny dreadful is not so instructive as the real thing.



The Territorial artillery is in a sad predicament owing to a shortage of horses. What has happened to the 'bus horses which have been run off the streets of London?



Diamonds will soon be three a penny. A German scientist has discovered how to make diamonds at an ordinary gas-burner with metallic amalgams of mercury, so now we can all fry gems on a gas-stove just in time to buy stamps for the Servant Tax.

THE MOUTH BEAUTIFUL.
(The latest craze is to preserve the beauty of the mouth by lapping instead of drinking.)



Phyllis, she whom I adore,
Takes her tea upon the mat,

Grovels prostrate on the floor,
Lapping liquor like a cat.
When I deemed the posture queer
For a tightly garbed adult,
She observed, "You prudish dear,
'Tis the latest beauty cult."

(Bread pills and coloured water are now considered the most wonderful part of the physician's pharmacopœia, owing to their power of healing by mental suggestion.)

Long, long ago, when we were young,
We, hypnotised by Dr. Bolus,
Protruded the reluctant tongue,
And gulped the pills he loved to
roll us.
His medicines filled our souls with dread,
And on our knees we begged for
quarter,
We little knew his pills were bread,
His mixtures only coloured water.

Then later, as we older grew
And came to years of indiscretion,
We jeered, because we thought we
knew
The fraud of Bolus's profession,
But now we canonise bread pills,
Pink draughts are never called in
question,
For lo! they cure unnumbered ills
With mental (as it's called) suggestion!



"Drinking from a glass or cup
Spoils a mouth like Cupid's bow,
Such a habit screws it up
In a round, unmeaning 'O.'
But I'm overjoyed to think
I may satisfy my drouth
With an ordinary drink
Through my ordinary mouth."

Lord Haldane, at the Bedford College dinner, gave the ladies permission to smoke. What more could they gain, even if they had the vote?

A Surrey vicar has invented a cure for snoring. It seems a simple little apparatus, but engage special retainers to affix the cure to the noses of old gentlemen who snore all the afternoon in the biggest arm-chairs?

An exponent of the art of "doing without," in the *Express*, gives a simple time-table of food which includes six meals a day. Whatever we may think of the quality of the repasts, as regards the quantity it can hardly be called "doing without."

WHERE GIRL CADDIES ARE THE VOGUE: THE NEW OBERHOF LINKS.



1. THE NEW GOLF COURSE ON THE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG'S ESTATE AT OBERHOF: THE FOURTH GREEN—GIRL CADDIES IN ATTENDANCE.
2. PRESENTED BY THE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG: THE GIRL CADDIES' SHELTER.
3. THE MAKING OF THE COURSE: CUTTING A FAIRWAY THROUGH THE FOREST.

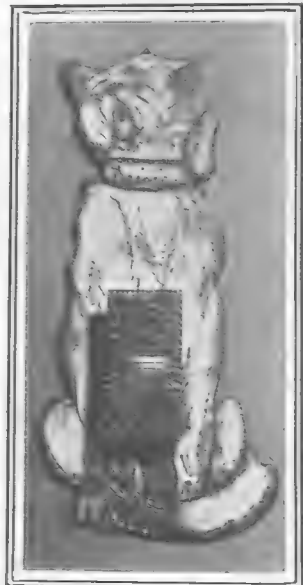
"Oberhof is a health-resort situated in a pine-forest about five thousand feet above the sea-level; and, as the place is covered with snow in the winter, golf is only possible for six months in the year, but during that period it is very good." In the making of the new golf course, trees were hewn down, roots were pulled up, the soil was ploughed, smoothed, and planted with seeds.



By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

The Censorship of Plays.

The last few days of the Censorship sound rather like extracts from "The Diary of a Bad Boy." First there was the grand practical joke of withholding the license for "La Vierge Folle" until the French Company's short season was ruined, although the Censor had more than his statutory period for examining the play before the date when the manager desired to produce it. Next came the widely discussed appointment of Mr. Charles Brookfield as additional reader of plays: how this must have tickled Mr. Brookfield's sense of humour! how the Censor must have chuckled at this slap in the face to the Censorship Committee! I have heard people attempt to excuse the appointment, which is being talked about on every hand, by suggesting that the repentant



"DAISIE," BY DAISIE A POKER-WORK CAT BY MISS DAISIE IRVING, OF DALY'S.

Photograph by Sport and General.

poacher makes the best gamekeeper, but Mr. Brookfield's article in the *National Review* shows that he is not repentant. Then came the private production at the Savoy of "Pains and Penalties," and the convincing evidence that no possible excuse exists for the refusal of a license. It is not the kind of play to appeal to the great public: the heroine is almost middle-aged, there is no hero, and ordinary dramatic effect is rarely aimed at. Still, the picture of the slightly bourgeois Caroline is very clever and interesting, while the study of that egotistical, eccentric genius, Lord Brougham, is really amusing, particularly to those pretty well acquainted with the history of him. Not a great play, yet one enriched by many clever touches of character, and never entirely lacking in life. There were moments, too, during the trial scene when the pulse was quickened by the contest of Caroline's advocate against the Crown—a contest which ended in a kind of triumph for her that proved fruitless. Unhappy woman, destined to be a piece in the great game of politics and cast aside as soon as she was no longer useful to her own side!

The Acting.

Miss Gertrude Kingston's performance as Caroline was quite admirable: some complain that she was not queenly enough, but they are people who fancy that royalty differs in flesh and blood from ordinary people. As a matter of fact, her little, rather bourgeois touches were absolutely necessary to explain her relations with Bergami, and the actress gave them very nicely. Her display of emotion in the last act was very moving. Mr. Harcourt Williams had a triumph, as Brougham, for his delivery of the famous peroration (or extracts from it) was very impressive, and came curiously as an answer to certain modern critics who, unaware of its spoken effect, have treated it as mere fustian. Mr. Michael Sherbrooke, in the character of the famous *non mi ricordo* witness, gave a perfect little study. Others did

admirable work, but how can one grapple with the performances of thirty speaking parts!

"La Vierge Folle."

Capacity to admire—or even be entertained by—M. Bataille's play is a matter of temperament. It appealed to the Parisians triumphantly, and left us almost unmoved. For them the devotion of the self-sacrificing wife reached the sublime; for us it reached it, passed beyond, and became, not perhaps the ridiculous, but something almost worse—the humiliating. If she had been fighting for children as well as herself the criticism would not arise. We accept the appalling self-sacrifice, shuddering at it, in Balzac's "La Cousine Bette" because of the noble motive of the woman; whilst in the case of the wife in "La Vierge Folle" one is almost forced to use the ugly Divorce Court term "connivance." Perhaps this in part was owing to weariness, for the author is pitilessly long in every scene, and his characters indulge in the constant repetition of real-life speech without revealing much individuality in their floods of talk. And much of the talk was on a topic permissible for drama, which, however, our more discreet dramatists would wisely have taken almost for granted. We had a superb performance by Mlle. Nau as the wife, excellent work by M. Saulieu, the runaway husband, and M. Louis Tunc played the part of an abbé admirably, if in a rather needlessly dry manner.

Scottish Plays. The great success of "Buntie Pulls the Strings" will hardly be repeated by "Christina," which had a trial run at the Playhouse last week. Christina, who is the feminine counterpart of the Wee Macgregor, and was invented by the same author, Mr. J. J. Bell, is an amusing child, for a time, and she is most amazingly played by Miss Jean FitzGerald; but she does nothing. She is her own entertaining self, and at the end of the play we are no further on than we were at the beginning. She comes from Glasgow, and wakes up the little village of Kilmabeg: she instils business principles into a most retiring



ENGAGED ON POKER-WORK: MISS DAISIE IRVING, WHO IS PLAYING MISS LILY 'ELSIE'S PART IN "THE COUNT OF LUXEMBOURG," AT DALY'S. ENGAGED ON A FAVOURITE HOBBY.

Miss Irving has made very "good," as our American cousins would put it, in Miss Lily Elsie's part, and is adding to her popularity at every performance.

Photograph by Sport and General.

and unentertaining: still there is little in all the fun to make even the foundations of a play. Much more substantial was Mr. Brighthouse's "The Price of Coal," a study of a Scottish mining-village when an accident has taken place in the mine. The matter-of-fact fatalism of the miner's old mother and the despair of his young sweetheart were drawn with a real sympathy and truth, and Miss Kate Moffat, famous as Buntie, showed that she is not merely a clever comedienne but also has a fine power of expressing emotion. Miss Louisa Gourlay played beautifully as the old mother, and Mr. Watson Hume was admirable as the stolid and homely miner. Mr. Brighthouse treated an old theme with genuine dramatic effect.



CALLED BY THE GRAND-DUKE BORIS OF RUSSIA, "THE FUNNIEST BEAST IN EUROPE," MR. ALFRED LATELL, THE ANIMAL-IMPERSONATOR, AS A DOG.

Mr. Latell is amongst those engaged for "The Golden Land of Fairy Tales," at the Aldwych, and is expected to make a decided "hit."—(Photograph by B. Bing.)

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



WHAT WOULD AN ANCIENT BRITON SAY TO THIS? A VIEW OF STONEHENGE FROM AN AEROPLANE.

The photograph was taken by Mr. George B. Dacre during a flight over Salisbury Plain on a Bristol biplane, at a height of about 100 feet. Part of the framework of the machine can be seen in the photograph, thus showing a remarkable juxtaposition of things ancient and modern.



TO SCARE THE BIBULOUS CROW AND THE FORAGING FOX? A BAVARIAN VINEYARD-KEEPER.

The Bacchic frenzy of the costume is certainly in keeping with the associations of the wearer's sphere of duty. Possibly he acts as a kind of peripatetic scarecrow, and chases the young foxes that break in among the vines.

Photograph by Kester.



HALF AS HIGH AGAIN AS A MAN: TUSKY TROPHIES FROM ZANZIBAR.

This photograph of a magnificent pair of elephant-tusks, half as high again as a man, reaches us from Zanzibar.



NEARLY AS HIGH AS A MAN, AND FULLY AS THICK: THE SHELL FOR THE U.S. 16-INCH GUN.

The armour-piercing shot for the new 16-inch gun adopted in the United States Army is, as our photograph shows, a huge projectile.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER'S

IT is long since Sandringham has been so thronged with guests as it was during the interval of a few days between the Queen of Norway's birthday and Queen Alexandra's. With Appleton House, which is near by, contributing to the gathering,

and London sending down three most confirmed Londoners—the Marchioness of Ripon, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, and the Marquis de Soveral—Queen Alexandra's week-end at once became interesting. But her party had even more distinguished guests. The Duke and Duchess Vladimir of Russia and Prince and Princess Nicholas of Greece were also present, and Lady Carrington was called upon to fulfil her duties as Lady-in-Waiting. It was the Sandringham of old days, except for one absentee, and that conspicuous absence was a perpetual presence to the guests who came together again for the first time since the late King's death.

A Mighty Hunter.

The new Marquess of Tweeddale brings to the Peerage a strain of the real Italy, his mother being Candida Louisa, daughter of Vincenzo Bartolucci, of Cantiano; but ever since her girlhood she has spoken English so well as to be easily mistaken for our own countrywoman. A boyhood of holidays at Yester and in Scotland, and working months at Eton, with Oxford and the hills of Lammermuir engaging the eye of his youth, the Marquess himself is, at twenty-seven, a typical Briton. His father's passion for shooting, the sports for which the fields of the Yester estate are famous, the private golf-course near Gifford, and the mists and oatmeal of Scotland are apt to make a man oblivious of the sun and vineyards of the South. But the Scottish gnat makes a brave effort to remind one of the mosquitoes of Umbria. When the young Marquess has gone hunting, it has not been after these winged creatures of terror, but for chamois in the Tyrol and big game in East Africa.

A Tweeddale Memory.

One sinister memory indeed connects a Lord Tweeddale with the Continent. The seventh Marquess and his wife were travelling abroad when Napoleon revoked a treaty of peace and ordered the arrest of English travellers. The Marquess and Marchioness were confined in prison at Verdun. The Marchioness

died in captivity, without any answer to an appeal for liberation. An order of release was then made out in favour of the Marquess, but he did not receive it in time. He, too, died in the prison, ten days after it was supposed to have taken effect. Healthier airs prevail in East Lothian. Until within a week or two the countryside had boasted four veteran Peers—the late Marquess himself, Lord Wemyss, Lord Haddington, and Lord Sinclair.

A Question of Propriety.

So much is said about the luxury of India and the modernity of the quarters to which the European visitor has been bidden for the Durbar, that the warning contained in the following story may perhaps serve those adventurous ones who, when Delhi is done with, go farther afield. Arriving at an out-of-the-way place one evening, a visitor and his wife were shown their rooms. "In there is the shower-bath," the attendant concluded. When, next morning, the lady had gone in at the door indicated and disrobed, she hesitated at the brink of a bath that had no suggestion of a shower about it. Then suddenly she heard a voice from ceilingwards: "If mem-sahib coming more this side I throwing water more proper."

For Good. Queen

Amelia, who, for all her troubles, graces a party with a countenance as smiling as King Manuel's, turned to her hostess at Norfolk House the other day with a cheerful compliment, "Your pretty house reminds me of one of my pretty palaces," she said, as if she had hardly accustomed herself to the fact that they are no longer hers. It is in the Palace of the Necessidades that the ceiling of one of the rooms is inscribed with many repetitions of the phrase, "por bem" (for good). "The irony of it!" remarked

an English friend who has visited that chamber since it has been in the hands of the Republicans. But the phrase does not bear the same meaning as the English idiom. Its origin is thus explained. A Portuguese king of old was seen by his queen kissing one of her ladies as he gave her a flower. Asked what was his intention in so doing, he told his wife, "Por bem," meaning innocently, or with a good purpose. To shame his wife's suspicions and the Court gossip, he had her ceiling painted all over with magpies, each bearing in its claw a flower and the motto so much in dispute.



TO MARRY SIR HARRY VERNEY, Bt., ON THE 7TH: LADY RACHEL BRUCE.

Lady Rachel is the youngest of Lord Elgin's four daughters. She was born in 1890.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY LADY RACHEL BRUCE ON THE 7TH: SIR HARRY VERNEY, Bt.

Sir Harry Verney, the fourth baronet, has been Assistant Private Secretary to successive Secretaries of State for the Colonies since 1907.

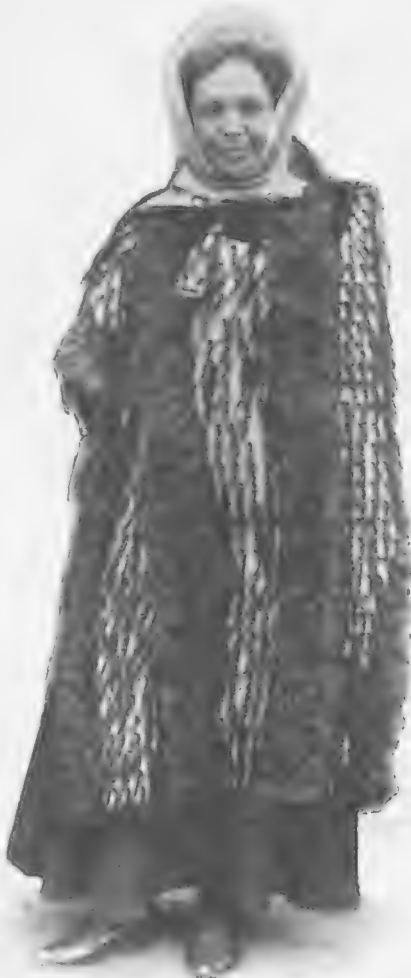
Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY CAPT. ARTHUR BRAITHWAITE ON THE 7TH: MISS WINIFRED HILLIER.

Miss Hillier is the elder daughter of the late Dr. Alfred P. Hillier, M.P. for Hitchin, and of Mrs. Hillier, of 20, Eccleston Square. Captain Braithwaite, of the 3rd Batt. Lancashire Fusiliers, is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Braithwaite, of Harpenden.

Photograph by Val d'Estrange.



ENGAGED TO AN ENGLISHMAN, MISS MAGGIE PAKAKURA, OF THE MAORIS WHO WERE AT THE WHITE CITY AND THE PALACE THEATRE THIS YEAR.

It is announced that Miss Papakura is engaged to marry an Englishman, a member of a well-known Oxfordshire family. She is now on her way to Auckland, to which place, it is understood, her fiancé is to follow her. After her wedding she will settle in England with her husband.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



TO MARRY MR. KENNETH C. NORTH ON THE 9TH: MISS FRANCES EVELYN BERRY.

Miss Berry is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Berry, of Moor Allerton, Leeds.

Photograph by Lafayette.



TO MARRY MISS FRANCES E. BERRY ON THE 9TH: MR. KENNETH CROFT NORTH.

Mr. North, of the 4th Queen's Own Hussars, is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur North, of Wakefield and Windermere.

Photograph by Lafayette.



ENGAGED TO MAJOR BASIL CORBETT: MISS VÉRONIQUE ELEANOR CORBETT.

Miss Corbett is a daughter of the late Mr. Edwin Corbett, British Minister at Stockholm, and of the Hon. Mrs. Corbett, sister of Lord Sherborne, of Sherborne House, Northleach, Glos. Major Corbett is a son of Colonel F. V. Corbett, of Newton Abbot.

Photograph by Lafayette.

THE SAD BEARER OF THE MASK WITH THE SMILING FACE;
WITH TWO OTHER PICTURES FROM MR. ANTOON VAN WELIE'S EXHIBITION.



1. IN THE LAST ACT OF "LA DAME AUX CAMÉLIAS": MME. SARAH BERNHARDT.

2. WITH PEARLS AND A LITTLE LOVE:
Mlle. Gaby Deslys.

3. BEARING THE SMILING FACE SHE SHOWS TO THE WORLD: "THE LADY
WITH THE MASK"—PORTRAIT OF MRS. HODGKINSON.

We are especially glad to be able to publish these very interesting examples of the work of Mr. Antoon van Welie, who has an exhibition at the Mendoza Gallery just now, not only for their intrinsic merits but for their novel treatment. Particularly to be observed is "The Lady with the Mask—Portrait of Mrs. Hodgkinson." The sitter, it will be seen, carries in her hand the smiling mask she wears in public.—[Specially photographed for "The Sketch" by Dixon.]

LOST IN LONDON.



WILLIE (wearing father's coat cut down): Can't I take this off, mother? I feel so lonely in it.

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.

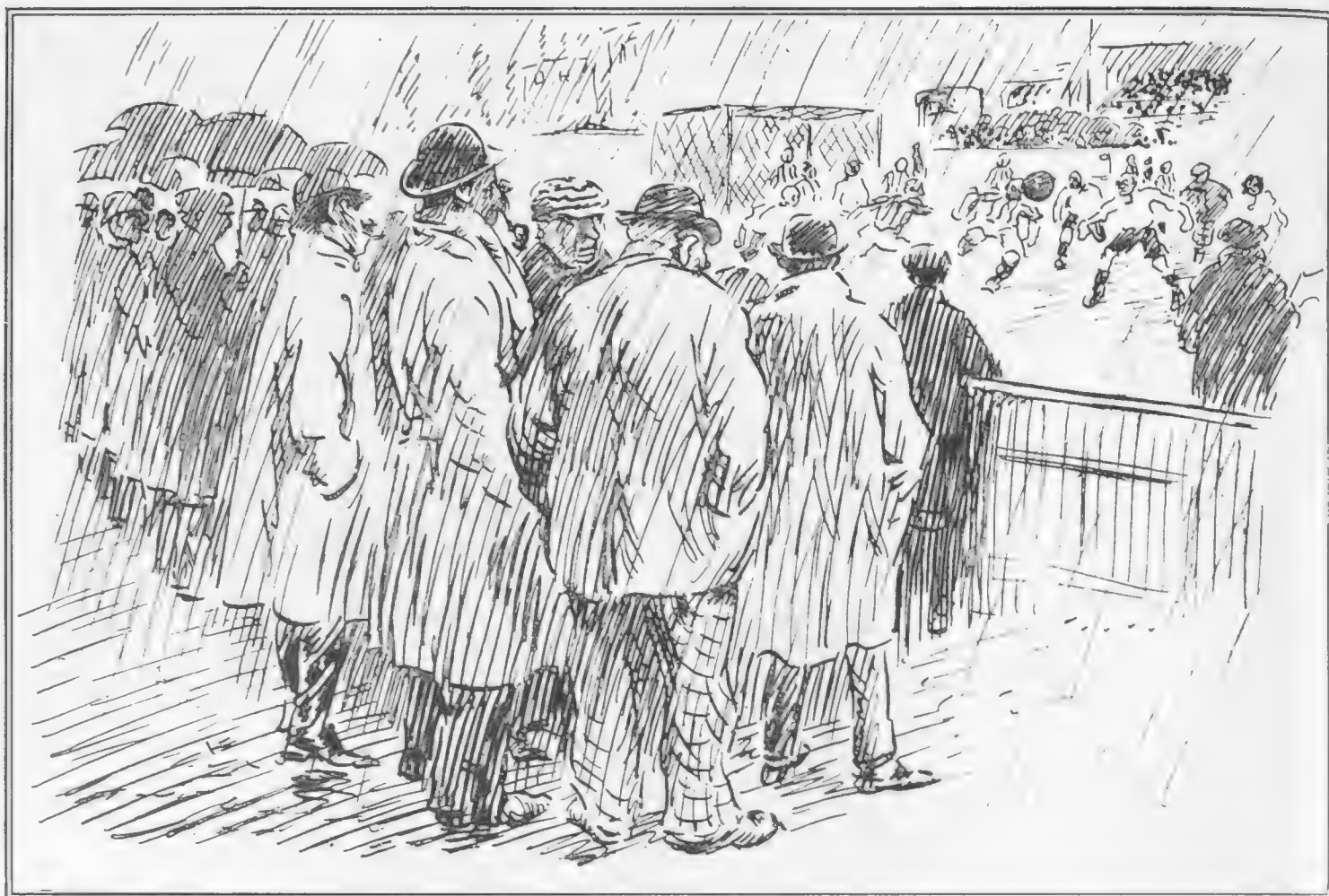
According to the Press Photographer. III.—Parliament.



1. "LORD LANSDOWNE ARRIVING AT THE HOUSE." | 3. "MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY, SMILES AT THE PHOTOGRAPHER."
 2. "LORD HALDANE ON HIS WAY TO PRESENT PRIZES TO 'TERRIERS.'" | 4. "MR. ASQUITH SALUTED ON HIS ARRIVAL AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS."
 5. "MEMBERS LEAVING AFTER AN ALL-NIGHT SITTING."

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

GIVING TONGUE.



THE SPECTATOR: W'll, fer a wall-eyed merchant I reckon that's a corker 'ow 'e 'andles 'is 'ead an' feet.
 BILL (*his friend*): Same 'ere.



THE POLITICIAN: We used t' 'ear a fat lot abaht wot yer'd do soon's yer'd got rid o' Balfour—w'll, wot abaht it
 'nah 'e 'as giv' in to yer, eh?

"WILL YOU MOTO-TRIP THIS WAY, MADAM?" A SEATLESS "CAR."



DESIGNED ESPECIALLY FOR SHOPPING: THE MOTO-TRIP, ON WHICH THE TRAVELLER STANDS.

The moto-trip, which is the invention of a lady, Mrs. E. Kent, created great interest at the recent cycle and motor-cycle show at Olympia, and is designed more especially for ladies on shopping expeditions. It will be noted that the traveller stands upright, steering with a handle-bar on an exceptionally long pillar. To show the position of the user of the device, we have placed a lady upon it.

Arrangement by "The Sketch"; the photograph of Miss Zoë Gordon by Bassano; that of the moto-trip by Topical.

KEYNOTES

THERE are men who can take all music to be their province: symphony, tone-poem, grand opera, comic opera—they are quite able to handle any form with equal assurance and facility. But, as a rule, the greatest success falls to the man who follows one line, and becomes in that branch of musical art a specialist. Humperdinck has been slow to recognise this truth. "Hansel and Gretel" was written many years ago, and he waited a long time to give us something of the same kind. At last he has rectified the omission, and in the re-written and elaborated fairy opera "Die Königs-kinder" there are many of the qualities that went to the making of the first success. As in "Hansel and Gretel," the hero and heroine are a girl and a boy; there is a witch, hardly of a more benevolent kind than the old lady who rode on a broomstick and turned little children into gingerbread statuary, but with a more restricted field of operation. If the story of the King's children is sad, if the fairy element becomes wholly human at the end, the music never drips sentimentality. Humperdinck would seem to be a composer who lives in the open air, a man with a healthy, vigorous mind who could not be maudlin if he tried, and shows no inclination to try. A clever musical parodist would find material for an interesting experiment if he would take the closing scene of "Die Königs-kinder" and treat it in the idiom of Gounod, Massenet, and Puccini in turn. Humperdinck has given this scene in the grand opera manner, too; it is the one weakness to which he succumbs. Elsewhere his way is his own, he writes with his eyes upon his stage characters, and does not greatly concern himself with an attack upon the emotions of the audience; consequently the audience is deeply moved. There is much refreshment in this method; what a pity it is not more widely followed! Music that is exotic or erotic is extremely plentiful, but it does not satisfy Humperdinck, and one can but hope and believe the time is coming when it will no longer satisfy the average opera-goer, *l'homme moyen sensuel*.

The story of "Königs-kinder" belongs almost to the end to the realms that Hans Christian Andersen made his own. There are two children—one a goose-girl living with a witch, the other a vagrant princeling. Needless to tell of their love for one another, for opera demands no less. There is a distant town that lacks a king, and the witch has told the inhabitants that on a certain day there will be two royal visitors. This is said because she hates the Goose-Girl and young lovers and all generous emotions. Not unnaturally, the town cannot recognise royalty in rags; it repudiates the strangers, and drives them out to the forest, there to die in the cold, and to be recognised when recognition comes too late. In the time of their trouble, only the old fiddler whose reason is

supposed to be tottering upon its throne, and a little girl who is of no account, can find royalty under the cover of rags. There is a certain symbolism about it all—a little too subtle, perhaps, for the modern opera stage, which depends for so many of its best effects on high C and high E and on blood and

lust. Perhaps it is because "Die Königs-kinder" is so exquisitely beautiful, written with such complete mastery of legitimate musical effect, so free from aught that is banal and commonplace, that one has fears for its acceptance. It seems, for all its beauty, to be a little in advance of the taste of the time, as far as London is concerned, and the music is musician's music. The delicate orchestral effects, the quaint uses of certain instruments, the introduction of fugues, the little suggestions of "Meistersinger" and "Tristan"—suggestions that are never imitations—all these things demand close attention for their recognition and appreciation, and, in return for the attention, they yield an abundance of delight. The deft concealment of means to the end is one of the charms of Humperdinck's score. There are, of course, no detached melodies to tickle the ears of the groundlings; but there is continuous melody, and there are recurrent themes associated with incidents and emotions and handled with the supreme mastery over the orchestra for which the composer is famous. And the music fits the story. Save in the last scene, where the Prince and the Goose-Girl are found dead in the forest by

the fiddler and the children, and Humperdinck finds the grand opera idiom irresistible, the simplicity of the scenes finds its counterpart in a musical score that has evolved a certain simplicity of end from a very complexity of means.

Every contrast of character or emotion on the stage finds its expression in this music, and despite all this care and attention to detail, the score is beautiful from first to last. Humperdinck may have paid great attention to all individual trees, but has always seen the whole wood. To have done as much is to have succeeded where many fail. Covent Garden has treated the composer well. The scenery is at once delightful and appropriate, and the company engaged is in most cases worthy of the music. Frau Gura-Hummel sang delightfully and acted with grace and conviction; the King's Son (Herr Otto Wolf) was a thought too regal for such a democratic age as this, but did well; Herr Hofbauer, as the fiddler, was at his best in the last act; and Herr Bechstein revealed his mastery over the expression of comedy in terms of music. Herr Schalk,

who conducted, contrived to preserve all the resultant simplicity of the score, and this is indeed the highest praise. There were moments when the music, for all its wondrous complexity, seemed to have been written for a simpler age than ours.

COMMON CHORD.



OF HIGHER RANK THAN THEIR LIVE COLLEAGUES: ARTIFICIAL GEESE, WITH CROWNS, ARRIVING AT COVENT GARDEN FOR "KÖNIGSKINDER."

The histrionic talents of the live geese did not extend to the wearing of crowns; hence the use of artificial geese for the royal parts.

Photograph by Sport and General.



WELL-BILLED ACTORS: MME. GURA-HUMMEL AS THE GOOSE-GIRL IN "KÖNIGSKINDER"—WITH HER FLOCK OF LIVE GEESE.

The first presentation in this country of Humperdinck's new fairy opera, "Königs-kinder," was successfully made at Covent Garden last week. All the actors came in for praise; but none for more attention than the specially trained geese which, a dozen strong, followed the Goose-Girl on the stage. Mme. Gura-Hummel's performance gained her much applause. (Photograph by Dover Street Studios.)

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.



MARJORY (*interrupting conversation*): I say, Mr. Driveller, *I* know where babies come from now!

THE CURATE (*much embarrassed*): Indeed?

MARJORY: Yes, from the dairy, 'cos they've got a notice on their window—"Families Supplied Daily."

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE HEART OF A WOMAN.

By J. MORTON LEWIS.

THE café was filled with that crowd which for ever gathers there, day in, day out. Stanforth sat at a table by himself, toying with a glass of whisky-and-soda. He glanced at those around him with eyes that saw neither the paint upon the women's faces nor the passion that was writ large upon the majority of the men's. His mind was busy with his own thoughts. A painter of whom the critics had spoken well, success had not come to him quickly enough, and so, to forget the disappointment, he had indulged in a life at which, in his saner moments, his whole soul revolted.

He did not even look up as someone sat in the chair next to his. A hand touched his sleeve.

"You are sad to-night, M'sieu," said a voice.

He turned sharply round. "You, Marie!" He knew her by no other name. Of her history he knew even less. She was a little French girl who had drifted to London. Once or twice he had taken her to a theatre and treated her as no other man had done. She was *petite* and merry-faced, a girl to love and be loved.

He smiled. "One cannot always be merry even here. There comes a time when a man must pay for his folly."

A shadow crossed her face. "Ah, yes, M'sieu. But you have nothing to make you sad."

A waiter coming up, she ordered a liqueur.

"Have I not?"

For a few moments there was silence, while Marie sat sipping her Maraschino. She had not forgotten that he had treated her as he would treat other women—those he did not meet in the Café. When she had finished the liqueur she rose. "M'sieu," she said, "you are not busy—then you can take me for a walk; it stifles me here."

They walked out of the hall together, up into the lights of Leicester Square.

"M'sieu," she said suddenly, "tell me your trouble. I am what I am, but I should like to sympathise with you—to share it with you."

He laughed harshly. "Bah, Marie! I will not trouble you with that. You are a good little girl, but it is not for you."

Acting on a sudden impulse, she stopped a passing taxi, and gave the driver an address in Kensington. Stanforth knew it.

"Get in, M'sieu," she said. Though there was authority in her tone, there was a smile upon her face.

"Why are you taking me home?" he asked. "I am broken—I have come to the end of my tether."

"Because we can talk better in my flat," she replied, "and it will do us both good."

Switching up the electric light, she drew forward a chair.

"Sit down," she said.

He did so with a sigh of relief. The room was daintily furnished, and it diffused an air of comfort around him.

She brought forward some wine and placed it by his side. There was a colour upon her cheeks which no paint could have wrought, and a bright look in her eyes. There was gladness in her heart: she loved doing humble tasks for this man and waiting upon him.

Then she seated herself on the arm of his chair. "Now, tell me," she said, "what are your troubles? Perhaps I can help you, worthless little piece of baggage that I am."

"You could not help me; and if you could, I would not accept it from you. It is money—the same old trouble which has been, is now, and ever will be, world without end."

"If it is money, I can help you," she said. Her bag lay on the table; she picked it up, when Stanforth seized her hand roughly.

"No," he said in a voice which frightened her.

"It is because——" A flush overspread her cheek.

"It is because you are a woman, and I am a man."

She remained thoughtful for a moment. "I am glad you refused it," she said.

Marie was a dainty little creature. From beneath her dress there peeped a goodly show of leg, clad in silken hose, the cost of which would have made many a girl envious. It was a pretty little leg, and she surveyed it critically. Then she smiled thoughtfully as she swung it to and fro.

"Dick, why don't you give up the life you are leading and settle down to work? You have it in you. You could paint great pictures."

"I don't know," he replied. "Because I am impatient. I showed one or two, and the critics said they were good; but the orders didn't come in as I should have liked. I expected too much—I got sick of painting pot-boilers at a pound and thirty shillings apiece. So, to forget, I fooled about, and it got hold of me. You don't know how easily it can get hold of one."

"Don't I?" There was bitterness in her tones. "Dick, I want you to go away—to France, or somewhere—and live quietly, away from all this, and paint. One can live very quietly in France. Ma mère does it on a few francs which I send her every week."

"Your mother?"

She nodded.

"But one can't go to France on tenpence," he laughed; "and that is the extent of my wealth until I sell another pot-boiler. Heaven knows when that will be."

"And you will not let me lend you some money—lend you?"

"No," he replied finally.

"Then, Dick"—she had drawn him closer, and her hand was playing amidst his hair; her love for him burned within her like a furnace; she could have flung herself upon him and cried it out aloud—"when you have the money, I want you to promise me you will go. You will?"

He looked at her. Before his gaze, her eyes fell. "Yes," he said, "I promise." There was a softness in his tones. He bent down and kissed her. Her lips clung to his.

"And you will go to Draguignan, where my mother lives, and tell her I sent you. She will be glad to see you. But, Dick, you will not tell her how I make my living. She thinks my money comes from singing—it would break her heart if she knew. I tried, but it was so hard. I nearly starved, and the temptation came. You do not know how easy the way is."

Stanforth looked at her, regarding her beauty with new eyes.

He rose, and, facing her, took her hands in his. "Marie, I have made my promise to you. I want you to make me one—I want you to throw this old life behind you. It can only have one end. Make a fresh start; you are too good for this. The way will be hard at first; but some day, when some good man enters your life, you will thank me."

"No man would ever look at me now," she said. "I have lost that." She did not tell him that the one man had come, that he stood before her, was pleading with her.

"Nonsense!" he replied. "Marie, I want you to promise. Will you?"

His grip on her hands hurt her. The look in his eyes scorched her. She felt that she stood before him in all the nakedness of her soul.

"Yes," she said, "I promise you."

He kissed her again.

Then he looked at a clock on the mantelpiece. "Now I must be going. I have a long walk home, and I want to start work early in the morning."

[Continued overleaf.]

THE FAIR MONTHS OF THE YEAR: DECEMBER.



'TIS WINTER'S JUBILEE: THIS DAY
HER STORES THEIR COUNTLESS TREASURES YIELD;
SEE HOW THE DIAMOND GLANCES PLAY,
IN CEASELESS BLAZE, FROM FIELD TO FIELD.—ANDREWS NORTON.

Photograph by S. Elwin Neame.

For a moment she stood beside him at the door. "One day we shall both be glad of the promises we have made to-night."

She heard his footsteps on the stone stairs, until the echo died away. Slowly she went back to her room. It seemed strangely empty. She sat down in the chair where he had sat. "Yes," she said, "he will never know, and it will help him to go to France."

Then she thought of the new life she had promised to lead. It opened a new vista to her, one to which she clung.

She fell on her knees. "God," she cried, "help me—help me!"

Twenty-four hours later Stanforth was in Marie's flat again.

"I have good news," he said. "Someone has bought a picture of mine—twenty-five pounds. Think of it! I shall be able to go to France now."

"You will go?"

He took her hands in his. "Yes, dear, I shall go—as soon as I have the money."

"And then you will forget all about me."

He looked at her. "Never! Directly I am home again I shall come and see you. Do you not want me to go?"

"Yes," she said. She pointed to a piano. "See, I have been practising—I have made my fresh start—I have not quite lost my voice; but it will be hard at first."

A folio of music lay on the piano. "Sing to me, dear," he said.

She smiled. She had hoped he would ask her.

"What shall it be?"

"What you would like best."

She sang to him little love-songs of Provence—songs of the days when the heart is young and life is aglow with love—songs of youth and passion, of wild hopes and wilder dreams.

Two days later, he came to say good-bye.

"And you start?"

"By an early train to-morrow."

She sighed. "I wish I was coming with you."

"Why not?" he said. "Twenty-five pounds will go a long way if we are careful."

She shook her head. "No, Dick; I have got my new life to lead—I have started, and I do not mean to turn back. But you will write to me?"

"Every week, dear," he replied. "I shall turn to you with all my troubles."

"And tell me of your successes. Dick, you will live to thank the day you left all this behind."

"Then I shall live to thank the day I met you."

II.

Two years had passed. Many things had happened to Stanforth. He had gone to France to fight a hard fight. Hidden away in a remote little village not fifty miles from Draguignan, he painted pictures, which at first hung upon his hands.

Arriving there one summer morning, he had worked night and day, until his twenty-five pounds was gone. One can live cheaply in France, and he thought over each sou before he spent it. So much depended on that twenty-five pounds. Then half-a-dozen pictures were sold, and he began to feel his feet. A canvas exhibited in a London gallery had brought him enthusiastic praise. Marie had gone to see it; and her next letter was full of the delight she had experienced in it. "I told you, dear," she wrote, "that you would succeed. To-day I saw a picture of yours for sale, and asked the price. The dealer wanted ten guineas, which was too much for my slender purse now that I have only my singing. But I was glad that it was beyond my pocket—glad for your sake."

That same night, Stanforth sent her a picture, and the next day he went to see Madame Mavellie, her mother. He found her, a pretty, faded old lady, living alone with one servant, in a small, half-ruined chateau on the outskirts of Draguignan. She was much what he would have expected Marie's mother to be.

"Ah, M'sieu," she said, "Marie will come over and see me one day—she says so; but she is so busy, is she not?"

"She is," said Stanforth.

"I am glad, though I should like to see her; but one day she will come."

Six months later a picture was accepted in the Salon, and Stanforth's name was made.

He was not sorry when he packed up his belongings and deserted the little village. Though it left him pleasant memories, he longed for a sight of London.

The sun was shining fitfully when he reached Charing Cross. He walked out of the station and looked around him. The smell which came to him from the streets was good; there was a homely appearance about the shops which faced the station.

Leaving his luggage at Charing Cross, he went to an hotel and booked rooms. For the next week he was busy with little excursions to Staines, where he had taken a house, and, later, to a large firm of furniture-dealers.

At last, he climbed up the stairs which led to Marie's flat. She opened the door herself.

"You, Dick!" she said.

"Yes," he answered. "I have come back. I have been in London a week."

"A week!" A shade of disappointment crossed her face.

"I have been so busy, furnishing. I have taken a house on the river."

She led the way into her dining-room. There she stood before him. She placed a hand on each of his shoulders and looked into his face—keenly, searchingly. "And you are a great man now. I told you you would be. I am so glad."

He looked lovingly around the room. It was like coming home again.

Then his eyes fell upon two pictures. The one was the picture he had sent her from France; the other—

He took a step forward. "Marie, you bought that picture—the one that was sold for twenty-five pounds—which took me to France."

She searched his face, hoping he would not be angry. "Yes, Dick—I meant that you should go—away from the life you were leading."

He bent down and kissed her. "Marie, I owe everything to you," he said in a chastened voice.

It was later, when they were sitting over a light supper.

"I went to Draguignan about two months ago, and saw your mother. Marie, how she worships you!"

The girl flushed. "What did she say—what did you say?"

"I told her you were making your living at singing, and doing very well."

"It is true, Dick," said the girl in a low voice; "quite true. I kept my word from that day—even as you kept yours."

"And you are doing well?"

"Fairly. It was hard work at first—very hard."

"I am glad. And now, Marie, I am going to take you to see my new home to-morrow. You will come?"

For a second she hesitated. Although she would not confess it, she felt a sense of disappointment. He was her friend—she could never look upon him or any man as more. Yet she felt piqued that he had not come to see her before.

"Yes," she said, "I would like to come. You have not married?"

"No," he replied, "I have not married." Words rose to his lips, but he let them die, to wait until a later, riper moment.

He drew out his watch. "I will call for you at eleven o'clock; we shall get to Staines by one, in time for lunch. Afterwards we will explore my castle."

When he had gone the girl stood before the glass. Yes, she was still beautiful—her face could still attract. Then she realised—that which she had so steadfastly cast out of her mind. It burst upon her like an avalanche, burying her beneath its snow, which gripped her heart like ice. A barrier stood between them, a barrier of her own making, one which could never be broken down. She was not of the women from whom he would choose his wife. She had sold her birthright.

"Dick!" she cried, as she realised what she had lost.

He found her next day, waiting for him, dressed in the colours that she knew he liked the best. He chatted and laughed as they sped through the lanes and villages to his castle; and though she laughed with him, there was sadness in her heart, a cloud that would not be dispersed.

They had lunch at an old-fashioned inn upon the river bank.

"Half-past two," he said suddenly; "we must go on, if I am to get you back in time for your concert to-night."

A short ride, and they stopped before an old white house, standing far back from the road in the midst of its own grounds. Its whole appearance spoke of rest and peace—of a world far removed from that which she had known. Involuntarily a sigh escaped her.

He took her through room after room furnished with all an artist's taste, while her heart ached. One day, she knew, another woman would come to reign there—would pass through the rooms as she was doing. Only that woman would be its mistress, while she—

They stood once more in the drawing-room.

"Well, Marie," he said, "do you like it?"

"It is lovely."

He had come a step nearer. "And you think you will be happy here?"

She looked at him, and saw the passion and love that was on his face.

"You want me to live with you?" Willingly would she have answered "Yes," whatever might have been the cost.

"I want you to marry me, Marie; you're all the world to me. It was for you I bought this house—so that we might live together and be happy."

"You want to marry me?" A faintness seized her. "You know what I have been—what other men would call me?"

She looked at him, hoping yet fearing that those words would drive him from her. The next second she was in his arms—his lips were pressed hotly upon hers. He crushed her to him with a passion that hurt her. "That is my answer. The past is dead. We will live in the future together—you and I. Will you stay?"

"Will I stay?" The words broke from her wild, almost incoherent.

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

Advance of Germany.

A little while since, on this page, we were considering the question of the advance of golf in Germany. We have been considering the other very important ways of late, and yet, with all the gigantic matters that are troubling the minds of the statesmen and peoples of both lands, it may not be considered inappropriate to revert to the subject of German golf, as there is something new to say about it. For one thing, the Riviera season is beginning, and when out that way last winter, for the first time I encountered the German golfer, and I was told that it was the first time that he had made his appearance there. In these days the Germans are swarming all over the Côte d'Azur, and they are trying to do all the things that the English do. They find that most of those things are excellent, and they wonder why they never came to discover them before, and reflect that they have lost some of the good pleasures of life through not doing so. A little while since the Crown Prince was deploring the fact that the Germans had no national game. If they ever get one it will probably be golf, and it is the very best that they could have. The Kaiser's brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, is a keen player, and when he was over in our country last year he golfed on many courses in the South of England, and at Balmoral also.

The Course at Oberhof.

Now Peter Lees, the famous greenkeeper of the Mid-Surrey Club, knows as much about German golf as most people, for he has laid out courses there, and, being a keen observer, he returned home with some definite views on the present position and prospects of the game in that country. He thinks well of them—very well indeed. He is convinced that there is a boom in the game beginning in the Fatherland, and I have rarely found Peter out to be wrong in anything—he is so extremely careful about what he says and does. Among other places that he has visited and laid out courses at is Oberhof, in the Thüringen Forest, on the Duke of Saxe-Coburg's estate, and he gives such an interesting account of the place from the golfing point of view that I think the next time I am in Germany I shall move along with my clubs that way for a day. He believes it is the best course in Germany. Oberhof is a health-resort situated in a pine-forest

about five thousand feet above the sea-level; and as the place is covered with snow in the winter, golf is only possible for six months in the year; but during that period it is very good. There was a course of a kind there for several years, but the Duke of Saxe-Coburg,

who takes a deep interest in the welfare of the resort, decided that for the attraction of visitors it must be much improved, and so, a year last May, he engaged Lees to lay out a new one, placing a strip of ground in the forest at his disposal for the purpose. Trees were hewn down, roots were pulled up, the soil was ploughed, smoothed, and planted with seeds, and next spring the new course will be in perfect order. It makes a hilly, undulating round, with some very fine short holes, especially the third, where the shot is played from a hill over a clump of trees into a hollow. The Duke has given a very pretty club-house to the club, and the German playing element is very strong.

The Girl Caddie System.

A feature of the golf at Oberhof is the excellent girl caddies and the system upon which they are maintained. They come from the villages round about, within a radius of five miles. They are paid by the week; the club feeds and clothes them, has appointed a woman to look after them, and has given them a little house for their accommodation. When they are not engaged in the ordinary work of caddies, they are employed in weeding and sweeping the course. So in one respect, at all events, there is something nearly ideal about the golf at Oberhof. Herr Henckel is professional and greenkeeper, and plays a very good game. The Duke sent him over to the Mid-Surrey Club at Richmond for three weeks to learn something of the art and science of green-keeping under the great master there. The general management of the golf is in the hands of Mr. Sholto-Douglas, the controller of the estate, who is a very keen player. When Lees was last over there the Duke got

him to lay out a private course in the grounds of his castle at Gotha, and himself assisted materially in the planning of the holes. Peter thinks that he is an excellent golf-architect. Of course there is golf in many other parts of Germany. There is an interesting course at Dresden, one that has achieved a considerable reputation in recent times at Baden-Baden, others at Bad Kissingen, Bremen, Cologne, Hamburg, Homburg, Kiel, Leipzig, Munich, Wiesbaden and other places.



THE REALLY PICTURESQUE CADDIE: A GIRL IN PEASANT COSTUME AS CLUB-CARRIER ON THE LINKS ON THE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG'S ESTATE AT OBERHOF.

The girl caddies come from the villages in the neighbourhood, are paid by the week, are fed and clothed by the club, have a woman specially appointed to look after them, and have a little shelter of their own. When not club-carrying they weed and sweep the course.



THE NEW GOLF COURSE ON THE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG'S ESTATE AT OBERHOF, IN THE THÜRINGEN FOREST: THE CLUB-HOUSE.

There was a course of a kind at Oberhof for several years; but—need it be said?—the new links are a great improvement on the old. These were laid out by Peter Lees, the green-keeper of the Mid-Surrey Club, and will be in perfect order by next spring. It makes a hilly, undulating round, with some capital short holes.

FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

MARTHA IN THE WILDERNESS.

By MARTHE TROLY - CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

MY name is not Martha, so that I am really quite unbiassed on the subject. But before allowing the Wanstead inhabitants to change Martha Road into Chester Road I would, had I been the County Council—that's the responsible authority, isn't it?—I would have compelled them to show cause why Martha was not good enough for them. Personally; I think Martha is much too

good for them. Magdalen Road is what they deserve. The residents have protested against the name on the ground that it is, "if not exactly common, too terribly homely to appear on their notepaper." And I am sorry to hear that Martha Road has become Chester Road. I think the change is much for the worse, though "the name of Chester seems to have given general satisfaction. To most people it appears to suggest noble blood and irreproachable pedigree"!!! *Tiens!* To me Chester smells of cheese—all French grocers sell English cheese under the name of "Chester"—while Martha conveys a breath of the desert and all the perfumes of the East in the folds of her robe. "Martha is a good old English

same barbaric splendour as Martha's bangles; her hair is not black and crisp like Martha's, but frizzed out, and, like her jug, of a characterless brown. Her jug is full—I am sorry, for Mrs. Valencia Smith-Potter is seen even to better advantage squatting than walking. She holds her jug in a very red and a very rough hand. I am afraid she has more household work to do than Martha had. Of course, in her house "water and gas are laid on." Martha had to go to the well. It teaches one how to walk, coming back with an amphora on your shoulder. I would have liked to go to the well with Martha, and light her funny little boat-like lamp for her in the evening when the sand had drunk all the sun behind the palm-trees.

Mrs. Valencia Smith-Potter is very happy this evening—as happy as Martha was on that red-and-gold evening in Palestine, so long ago that I dare not give it a date. Not that Mrs. Valencia Smith-Potter is expecting a lord (I believe she would lose her head altogether if it were the case) but because the next best thing has happened. The lordly name of Chester has been granted to her road, instead of plebeian Martha!

Mrs. Valencia Smith-Potter is going to order some new notepaper this very day. The Cedars, Chester Road, Wanstead—how is that for an address? The lucky lady feels her blood turn blue. After all, who knows, perhaps her own pedigree may have been "irreproachable"? Isn't there at the present day one of the odd—I don't mean eccentric, I mean odd, in the shopkeeper's jargon—great-grandsons of Napoleon tramping through France, without the enviable roof of The Cedars to shelter the decadence of his race? I would be the last to take away from Mrs. Valencia Smith-Potter the hope that she may actually descend from Nell Gwynn. Meanwhile, she is meditating why she should not have a crest on that



VISCOUNTESS INGESTRE, WHO HAS JUST GIVEN BIRTH TO HER THIRD DAUGHTER.

The Viscountess' first daughter was born in 1907; her second in 1910. Before her marriage to the Earl of Shrewsbury's son and heir, in 1904, she was known as Lady Winifred Constance Hester, daughter of the late Lord Alexander Victor Paget.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

name," pleaded a county official (also of Wanstead, of course). Oh, is it? Until now, I had thought it was borrowed from that great Oriental story-book, the Scriptures, and repaid with very little interest, too.

Martha Road! Do you see yonder clump of palm-trees, under which squats that little flat-roofed village? It is the road to Martha's house on the outskirts of Bethany. In front of her house Martha herself is milking her goat in a terra-cotta jar. Her bare arms and bare feet are almost of the same beautiful sun-kissed colour as the jar. She is on her knees on the hot sand, beautiful in the supple harmony of her limbs and of her falling, loose draperies of white linen. As she milks her goat there is a gentle tinkle about her from the bangles on her brown arms and ankles. She is singing some soft, monotonous song of the desert. She is happy. Jesus is coming. She will bake some flat cakes on the hearth, and then she will sit at her loom and listen to Jesus talk, while weaving a new robe for Lazarus—"Men wear their clothes so quickly," sighs Martha. The jar is full, the goat is free. Martha goes back towards her house, carrying the jar on her head, with as much dignity and grace as if it were a crown. Her two raised arms, supporting the jar, are pure lines of ochre against the indigo sky; and, as she walks, her two brown heels lift the white hem of her robe rhythmically. So goes the graceful and the useful Martha on the yellow road of Bethany.

In Martha Road in this year of disgrace, 1911, Mrs. Valencia Susannah Smith-Potter is on her knee in the same attitude (with a difference) as Martha milking her goat. She is not milking—she is drawing beer from an ugly barrel, into an uglier, commonplace brown jug. She may be useful, Mrs. Valencia Smith-Potter, but she is not graceful—her maladroitly contrived corset forbids her to kneel with grace. Her jewels tinkle, but they have not the



A FIGHTER FOR THE CONSERVATIVE CAUSE IN SOUTH SOMERSET: THE COUNTESS OF CARNARVON, WHO WAS OF GREAT ASSISTANCE TO HER HALF-BROTHER-IN-LAW, THE HON. AUBREY HERBERT.

Before her marriage, which took place in 1895, the Countess of Carnarvon was known as Miss Almina Victoria Maria Alexandra Wombwell, daughter of the late Frederick Charles Wombwell.—*[Photograph by Lottie Charles.]*

beautiful new notepaper. How would "No Snobbery" do for a motto? No, not in English—it's so "homely," Mrs. Valencia Smith-Potter thinks—but in Latin, or Norman French, or Greek.

I know of so many Chester Roads in the world, and all Chester Roads lead to England.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

The Cut-out Doomed.

The fact that the Local Government Board have notified the Royal Automobile Club of the Board's intention to take steps to prohibit the use of cut-outs is now a matter of public knowledge. It is in a way comforting, however, to learn that before issuing some drastic regulation the Board have asked for the views of the Royal Automobile Club on the matter. Whatever may be done in this case there is no doubt that the restriction, if restriction it can be called, has been brought upon automobilism by the thoughtless, selfish conduct of the callous few, the few who are at the bottom of the imposition of many unnecessary speed-limits, and of such aversion as still obtains against motorists. The Technical Committee of the Club are taking the matter into consideration, and will make recommendations to the Local Government Board before the fresh regulations are framed. I have no doubt that the Technical Committee are quite equal to the task imposed upon them, and seeing that silencers have been produced which, when fitted, have improved, rather than detracted from, the efficiency of engines, the way out should present no great difficulty.

A Factory on a Reel.

The Studebaker Corporation, Limited, of Great Portland Street,

who are putting the E.M.F. and the Flanders cars on the European market, are now, I understand, affording their wares much bold advertisement by giving a cinematograph show all up and down the country. This show, which is accompanied by an instructive lecture, will illustrate the construction of a Flanders car from the original metal to the finished car as it is sold to the public. The various stamping and forging operations by which the raw material is first worked up precede the machining of the various parts by the wholesale methods adopted on the other side of the Atlantic. The films show how the parts are assembled into the complete car, how the body is made and fitted, how the engines are tested, and how the cars are proved on the road in batches of fifty at a time. It is a great "cinch," as our American cousins put it, and will no doubt attract large audiences. Whether a man will buy a car because he has seen it made on paper is another matter. I hear that the advertising value of the undertaking is great, in America.

The Van of Progress.

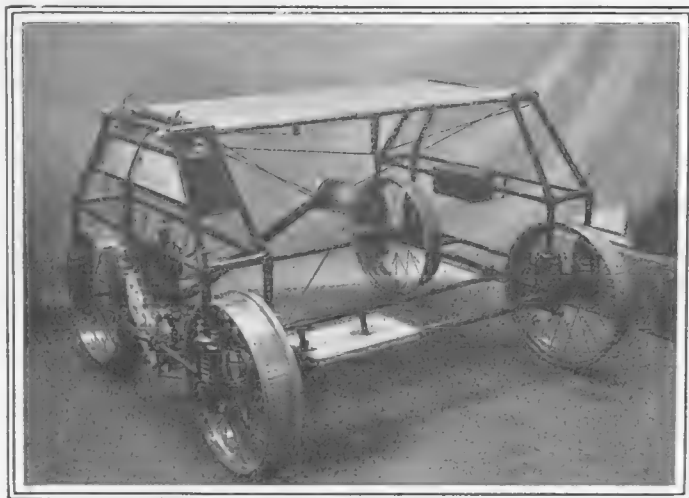
The avidity for detail of some Members of Parliament, who like to occupy the attention of much-harassed Ministers with questions on minor subjects, has an example in the late interrogation of the Home Secretary by Sir J. Barran on the subject of internally driven cars. He asked Mr. McKenna whether his attention had been drawn to the increasing number of motor vehicles in which the driver was completely enclosed by glass "or some other substance,"

which prevented him from hearing the sounds and warnings of other vehicles using the public streets, and whether he would take steps to forbid, etc., etc. Here is a case in which a man asks for restrictions in connection with matters on which, from the nature of his question, it may reasonably be inferred that he is not an expert. It might tend to alter Sir John's view if he could be taken for a run in an internally driven car as they are turned out to-day, and thereafter sit alongside a covered-van driver, with the silly little, useless apertures now rendered legally necessary in connection with those vehicles. Perhaps he would then tackle the van question instead, and leave internally driven cars alone.

Rain-Obscured Wind-Screens.

Prince Henry of Prussia, having found

a rain-flecked wind-screen both irritating and perplexing, has invented a neat and efficient form of radial squeegee, which will be operated from the driver's seat and can clear the raindrops from at least that portion of the wind-screen through which the driver must peer to drive. Although this device has the stamp of royal approval, I cannot find that any accessory-maker has undertaken its manufacture in this country, so that we British motorists are not able to profit by his Royal Highness's ingenuity. We must accordingly fall back on other things, and one of these is the preparation dubbed "Anti-mist," which is put on the market by Messrs. Alfred Dunhill and Co., of Euston Road, N.W.; it seems quite a remedy for a state of things under which we have all suffered in some degree at one time or another. It is a substance resembling wax, sold in the form of a pencil, which is rubbed carefully all over the surface of the glass to be treated, after which the glass itself is polished until it is quite transparent. This appears to attain the desired result in a very satisfactory manner.



FOR USE ON THE METALS: THE HUMBER RAILWAY-INSPECTION TROLLEY-CAR.

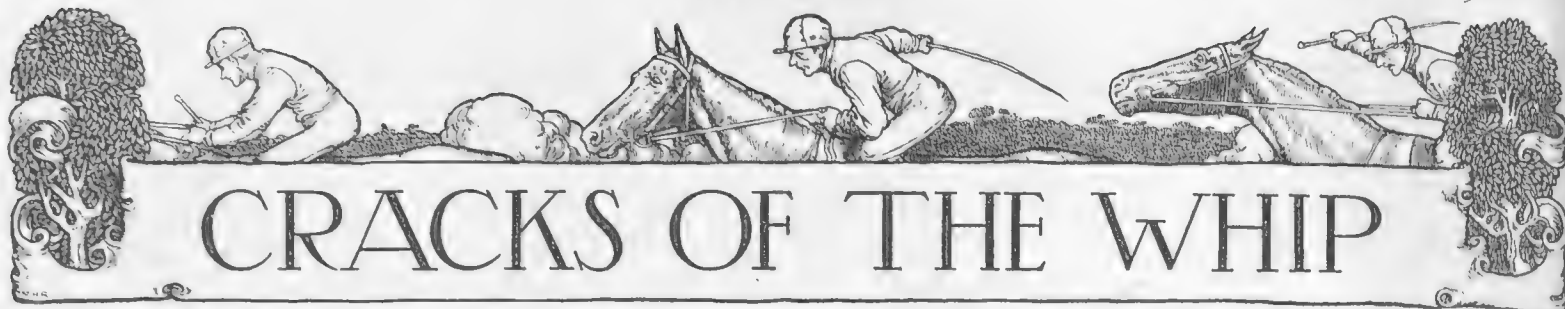
The car, which is fitted with a motor-cycle engine, is so light that it can be lifted from the metals with ease. It seats four.—[Photograph by Topical]



A BABY BROOKLANDS: THE MINIATURE TRACK USED FOR TESTING ROLLS-ROYCE CARS AT DERBY.

The "track" is built on an open space adjoining the works, in close proximity to the testing and running shop, and ample width is allowed to enable cars to pass each other comfortably. The track has two straight pieces, the ends of which are joined together by curved banked pieces of liberal radius. The straight pieces have a level, smooth surface (slightly curved to allow of proper drainage) made of tar macadam, laid on a limestone bed. The curved ends are "banked" and laid with granite sets on a concrete bed. This banking has been scientifically set out so that cars can be driven round the curve at fairly high speeds without causing any side-strain on the steering, or without the car showing a tendency to slide off the track, providing it is driven in the correct position on the banking. The steering of a Rolls-Royce car is such that when the car is driven round the curve the steering will automatically find the correct position on the banking, and should the driver feel any strain on the steering-wheel it is clear that he is driving in the wrong position on the banking, or driving too fast. The level portion of the track is below the ground level, so that the top of the banking is not much above the ordinary ground-level. Cars are run round the track in one direction, those at slow speeds on the inner edge, and those at high speeds on the outer edge. Entrance and exit to the track itself are made by two separate roads—one road for entering and the other for leaving. Light is provided for night driving by electric lights fixed on poles, light being projected in the direction in which the cars are running.

Continued on a later page.



CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

National Hunt Season.

The National Hunt season is popularly supposed to extend from the Monday following the close of the flat-racing season to the Saturday preceding Lincoln Spring Meeting; but it takes in more than those four months during which horse-racing is exclusively confined to steeplechasing and hurdling. As a matter of fact, there are only two months in the year—June and July—when one

race between them—namely, the Column Produce Stakes, which was secured by St. Anton last April. The nearest Pietri got to success was a second to Marechal Strozzi in the spring, and the subsequent running of the latter has shown how moderate the form was. The other instance, and a more prominent one in a way, is Mr. H. P. Whitney, who sent over a long string of American two-year-olds to be trained by Joyner. Now, American horses in this country have generally been at their best in their first season, and have scored many sensational victories—Borrow, in the same ownership, to wit—but nothing seemed to go right for the Balaton House stable this year, and only a very moderate sum in stakes was won. On the other hand, if any of the connections of the stable are in the habit of backing the horses, a very considerable sum must have been sacrificed. Mr. Whitney, who is rich beyond the dreams of avarice, takes this sort of thing with equanimity, and has sent over another batch of yearlings. I shall be surprised if he does not have a very good season next year, to compensate him for the 29 seconds and 30 thirds that were secured by his horses in 1911, as against 22 firsts.

Jockeys.

I was discussing the winning-jockeys list the other day with a man who follows racing pretty closely, and he put forward the opinion that it was not a true test as to which was the best jockey. Neither the number of winners ridden nor the average was, according to him, a guide on this point. The discussion was the outcome of a statement that Winter had not been given enough credit for his wonderful riding this season, and that had he been a foreigner or Colonial we should all have been raving about him. This is all nonsense. If ever a jockey was beslavered with praise, surely Winter was the day he rode Kilbroney in the Great Metropolitan. The lad deserved it well.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

Leicester, To-day: Broxhills Steeplechase, Le Viso; Quorn Hunt Steeplechase, Great Peter; December Hurdle, Tiger II.; Montrose Hurdle, Mancetter. To-morrow: Belvoir Steeplechase, Dwarf II.; Sibley Steeplechase, Flaxen; Oadby Hurdle, Shaccabac; Leicester Hurdle, Durraim.



AT A MEET OF THE QUORN: THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER.

The Duchess, it seems almost superfluous to say nowadays, was Miss Constance Edwina Cornwallis-West, daughter of Col. William Cornwallis Cornwallis-West. Her marriage took place in 1901. She has two daughters—Lady Ursula, born in 1902, and Lady Mary, born in 1910.—[Photograph by Topical.]

cannot find a fixture under National Hunt Rules. One of the principal reasons why National Hunt racing between April and November does not occupy much attention from the public is on account of the greater prominence given in the Press generally to Jockey Club racing; and it is only when that season is closed that the same attention is devoted to what is so repeatedly referred to as the "illegitimate" game. How and why that description came to be applied to it I do not know; but it is a very ridiculous one, if only for the reason that the word denotes something that is against the laws or rules. Now, whatever may be one's sympathies or antipathies, it must be admitted that the National Hunt Committee have a comprehensive and, in some respects, superior code of rules wherewith to govern their sport. I suspect the term "illegitimate" was first applied in an ironical manner, or possibly by a backer who saw his money "on the ground." One leaf that many people have been asking the Jockey Club to take out of the National Hunt book is that relating to the running of unnamed horses. Much confusion is created by the fact that an owner is allowed to run horses that are without name under Jockey Club rules; but a man may not do that under the other code, which requires that all horses be named before they are allowed to run. Another idea that could with advantage be copied by the Jockey Club is the carrying of a number of conspicuous size by each runner, so that one might the more readily identify the various horses.

Before and After.

"The whirligig of time brings in his revenges" is an ancient saying that applies particularly to Turf affairs. The season recently closed supplied two illuminating instances of stables that early in the year seemed to have a very prosperous time in prospect, and all through the season suffered rebuff after rebuff until they must have wondered what they had done to upset Dame Fortune. Mr. L. de Rothschild could have been excused for holding the opinion that in Pietri and St. Anton he possessed two colts that would make a great stir in the classic races. Both developed wind infirmity, and only won one



WITH THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S: COLONEL MORTIMER NEILL.
Photo. by G.P.P.



"HIS GRACE'S OWN": THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT AT A MEET OF HIS FOXHOUNDS. The Duke, the ninth of his title, is exceedingly keen on hunting, although, having been born in 1847, he cannot be numbered among the young men of the day. He was formerly a Captain in the Royal Horse Guards; and is Hereditary Keeper of Raglan Castle, and High Steward of Bristol.

Photograph by G.P.P.

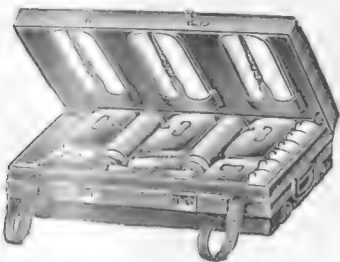
Sandown, Friday: Annual Hurdle, Himan; Three-Year Hurdle, Duke of Lancaster; Ewell Steeplechase, Bedgrove. Saturday: Milburn Hurdle, Shaccabac; Sandown Steeplechase, Johnstown Lad; December Hurdle, Colour Blind. Haydock Park, Friday: Garswood Hurdle, Iman; Makerfield Steeplechase, Strangegate. Saturday: Newton Hurdle, Gallivant; St. Helen's Steeplechase, Strangegate or Spinning Coin.

Christmas Presents for All.

Where to Gain an Advantage.

One wends one's way Citywards for gain; this is always achieved by purchases made at Sir John Bennett's fine establishment, 65, Cheapside.

Here business is done on so great a scale that prices are of the kind deeply attractive to the buyer, while the purchases bear the hall-mark of an excellence acknowledged throughout the world. There are specially prepared for gift-seekers some aquamarine-and-diamond ornaments that are very captivating, alike in design and workmanship, while the gems are the best of their kind, costing from £9 to £50. Brooches and pendants set with the now most fashionable aquamarine and diamonds are to be seen in great variety. There are very attractive necklets, brooches, bangles, and pendants in peridot and pearl, ranging in price from £2 15s. to £15 15s. Anyone who cannot pay a visit to the establishment can gain a very good idea of the effect of these specialties by writing to the firm for their coloured illustrated list.



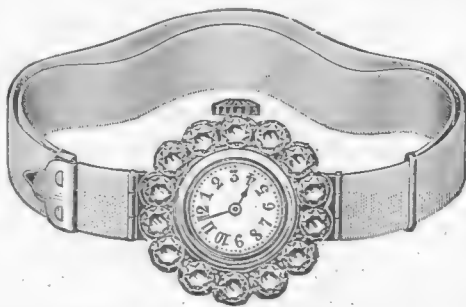
FOR MOTORISTS: A TEA AND LUNCHEON CASE FOR SIX.
At Messrs. Drew and Son's, 33-37, Piccadilly Circus.

In this twentieth century we are very go-ahead, but Drew and Son almost outpace us. Their newest dust-proof tea and luncheon case for the motor-car is a miracle of compactness and luxury. That which is illustrated is for six people. It contains quart vacuum bottles that will keep tea or coffee hot for twenty hours. It makes a truly delightful present, the donor of which will often be blessed as a party sits round it enjoying a comfortable meal off the beaten track, but quite independent. A gift for a lady to delight in is a dressing-case such as is illustrated—of new design. The fittings, in Chippendale pattern, are of plain silver. There are practical and substantial

For Motor Runs and for Home and Abroad.

At the magnificent establishment of Drew and Son, 33-37, Piccadilly Circus, one is assured

of finding the very latest things in fitted cases for all purposes.



A GIFT SUITABLE FOR A SUITOR—TO GIVE—ONE THAT OUGHT TO ENSURE PUNCTUALITY IN KEEPING APPOINTMENTS: A BEAUTIFUL WRIST-WATCH.
At Sir John Bennett's, 65, Cheapside.



A PRETTY PENDANT.
At Sir John Bennett's, 65, Cheapside.

Successful Gifts in Hundreds.

Presents purchased at an establishment of first-rate standing are of double value. The mean-spirited who send out gifts costing the smallest amount compatible with decency would, of course, not go to Wilson and Gill's fineshop, 139-141, Regent Street. Those who wish generously to please the friends they care for will go there, and will find really good things in immense variety, and at prices suitable for modestly endowed purses,

as well as for those who are happy in being able to select presents

without much reference to cost. To these latter, fine individual gems in invisible settings will make an irresistible appeal; as will the beautiful lace-work platinum setting seen in many lovely ornaments. The chief thing required just now is the moderate-priced gift. Sure of an enthusiastic reception is a four-row twisted pearl rope necklet at £5 10s., while a peridot-diamond-and-pearl necklet at £12 10s. is one to be a joy for ever to its recipient. A "Good Luck" horseshoe bangle in 10-ct.

gold for £3 10s. is appropriate as well as pretty, while in the now very popular flexible bangles the variety is great and prices are very modest. In immense variety as to style, colour, and price are gem and enamel-and-gem pendants. For men there are many sets of links and waistcoat buttons, which are handsome and distinguished in style, so that mankind can wear them without fear of being thought effeminate.



WITH SILVER FITTINGS OF CHIPPENDALE DESIGN: A LADY'S DRESSING-CASE.

At Messrs. Drew and Son's, 33-37, Piccadilly Circus.



LOVELY JEWELLERY AT MODERATE PRICES: A HANDFUL OF CHARMING FEMININE TRINKETS.

At Messrs. Wilson and Gill's, 139-141, Regent Street.

For My Lady's Chamber.

Every woman wants to look well, to be well turned-out, and to carry with her a fascinating aura. A Christmas present that will secure for her all these things is a combination case of Shem-el-Nessim toilet requisites. These are very daintily got-up, and are issued by Messrs. Grossmith, the well-known perfumers, of Newgate Street, E.C. The cases ensure what a refined woman likes—a complete succession of the same scent, never

we can enjoy confidently, for they are pure, fresh, delicious, made under the best conditions and made here in our own England. There are exquisite boxes to fill with them, having a design of a windmill, sea, and sunset that is as charming to the eye as what is underneath is to the palate. Hampers of big game will please

Sweets for the Sweet à la Sainsbury

There is a gift that is always welcome, thrice so if it arrive from the right person and the right place. The latter is Sainsbury's, 136, Regent Street. Chocolates and sweets from there are such as

little people far more than the real thing; cases of champagne will equally please them, for they can eat the bottles. Tins of sardines, looking quite realistic but tasting so much nicer, are among the Christmassy ways of putting up these well-known and better-liked chocolates and sweets. A very recherche little list will give all information on this sweet subject, and will be sent, post free, on application to the firm.

Suggestive and Indis- pensable.

A Swan Fountain Pen suggests to friends that we love their letters and want to make writing them easy. It is also a gift sure of warm welcome, since it is indispensable and the giver is ever blessed, for it is a reliable pen and an easy one to carry. The latest is the Swan Safety, which can be carried in any position; the screw-cap with ladder-feed renders leakage or sweating impossible. These are in Size 2, and in three lengths, at 12s. 6d., and in Size 3B and 4C at 17s. 6d. and 21s. They are slightly thicker, and have larger ink-capacity than the other. With plain or chased bands, they can be purchased from 15s. They are easily packed, and go safely and cheaply by post to any part of the world. The season is recognised by neat little special boxes to send them in; and if more expensive gifts are desired, there are pens cased in eighteen-carat rolled gold, in solid silver, and in engine-turned silver. There is plenty of choice and assuredly a safe present in a Swan Pen.

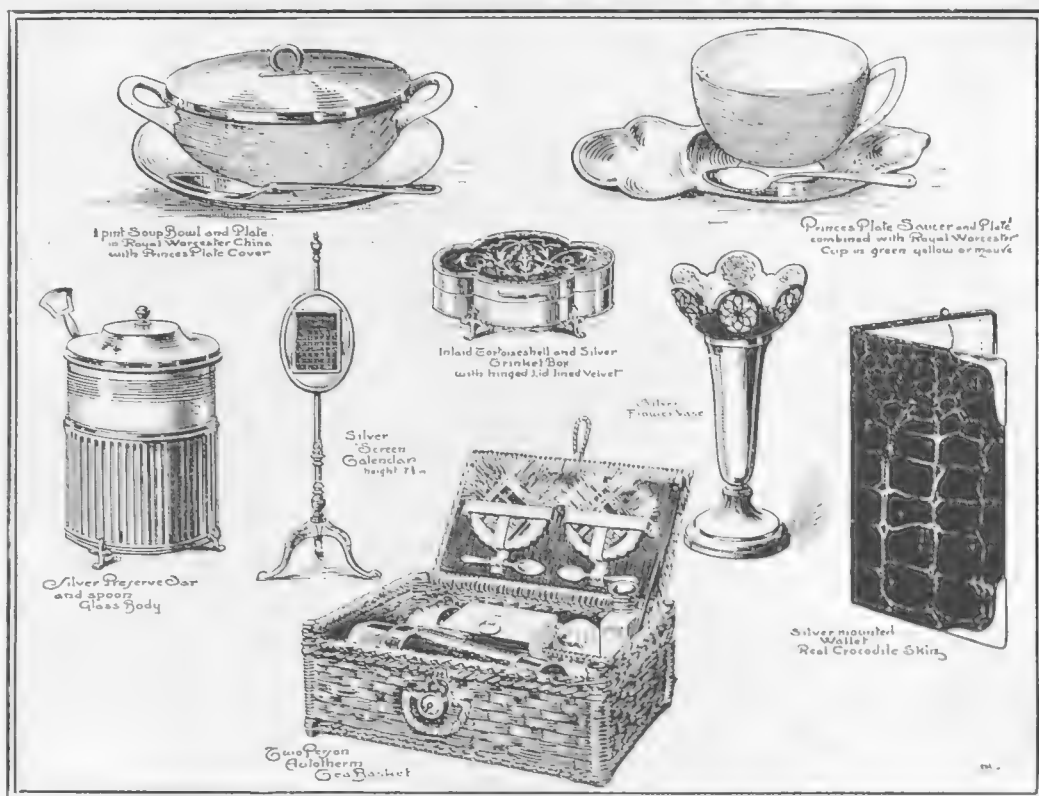
How to Earn Gratitude.

Make things easy for your friend, especially if he is a man, by buying him a cabin or week-end "Innovation" trunk. It is of three-ply selected birch veneer, duck-covered and brass-trimmed, and is of extremely light weight. It will take five suits and all accessories; the coats will hang, and the trousers hang, and there will be a place for everything, got at as easily as if stowed in a home wardrobe, while the price is £5 15s. It sounds too good to be true, but the Innovation Agency, 16, New Bond Street, make a moving life an easy one—no packing required. The same compact wardrobe-trunk for a lady will be a nice present from a man. For a man, an irresistible hanger, taking eight pairs of trousers, holding them up by their ends so that their own weight stretches and keeps them in shape, for 14s. 6d., is an acceptable present. A hanger, which perfectly preserves the shape of a coat, at 12s. 6d. is a thing with which to earn a man's gratitude. There is the necktie-holder, taking fifty ties and holding them so that each is seen without moving any others: these are but 5s. each; with silver initial, 1s. 6d. more. If real gratitude be the object of your giving of presents, go to this firm and see their space-saving, trouble-saving things. Should that be impossible, send for their catalogue, which will be sent free, and which is cleverly illustrated.

NE-TIGHT:
A SWAN
SAFETY
FOUNTAIN
PEN.

Gifts of the Most
Acceptable Kind. These are what we all want to give; the difficulty is to get them. Difficulties disappear at Mappin and Webb's as

if by magic, for all the departments of their large establishments are just filled with attractive and useful things suitable for presents. A nail-polisher, inside which are all the necessities for manicure, is clever and compact. A jam-jar in a pierced wire



BOTH USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL: PRESENTS FOR THE TABLE, THE DESK, THE BOUDOIR, AND THE PICNIC-PARTY.

At Messrs. Mappin and Webb's, 158, Oxford Street; 2, Queen Victoria Street; and 220, Regent Street.

Worcester china cup, with a combined Prince's-plate saucer and plate, the cup in green, yellow, or mauve, at 10s. each, is cheap and very pretty and convenient. A novelty is a stand for porridge, on which are dish, plates, sugar-basin, and cream-jug, fitted with green, mauve, or yellow china. A new heating-plate, which also boils a kettle, is useful and handsome; so, too, is an egg-poacher and steamer. A little, well-illustrated "Christmas Novelties" list, which will be sent post free on application, will give a better idea than I can of the numbers of desirable gifts to be found at Mappin and Webb's, either at 158, Oxford Street, W.; 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; or 220, Regent Street, W.



THE CAR THAT TAKES THE BISCUIT: A FANCY TIN FOR MOTORISTS.

By Messrs. Macfarlane, Lang, and Co.

Toothsome Christmas Treasures. In drawing out the catering plan of campaign for Christmas a thing to remember is that Macfarlane, Lang and Company's biscuits and shortbreads are quite indispensable, because everybody knows them and everybody wants them. Anvil fancy biscuits, in a tin shaped like an anvil, are very good and attractive. Then motorists will like motor-car fancy biscuits, the tin in which they are packed being like a motor in miniature. Everyone who tastes the firm's almond shortbread will want more of it. Granola digestive biscuits are great favourites. Standard wholemeal biscuits have attained fame, while cream puffs, unsweetened and like flaky pastry, are delicious alone; filled with jam or jelly they make most excellent jam-tarts.



AN IDEAL WARDROBE FOR A MAN: AN "INNOVATION" CHIFFONIER CABINET THAT HOLDS TWELVE SUITS, THIRTY-SIX SHIRTS, HATS AND HOSIERY.

This is the most popular cabinet made by the Innovation Agency, 16, New Bond Street. It costs, in mahogany, £28 10s.; in oak, £24 5s.; or in white-wood, polished mahogany, or white enamel, £22 12s.

Elegant and à la Mode. A perfume that is as much in vogue in London as in Parisian Society is "Seduction," a preparation distilled by Gellé Frères of Paris. A Christmas present of a bottle of this seductive scent will be welcomed by any woman in Society.

[Continued overleaf.]

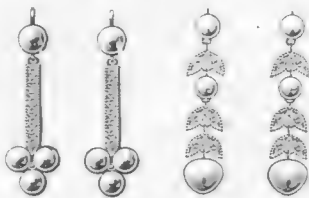
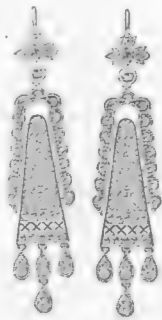


MASCULINE AND FEMININE: A CASE FOR A MAN; AND A WOMAN'S WORK-BASKET.
At Messrs. Mark Cross', 89, Regent Street.

brushes for hair, teeth, etc.—all that he wants for his toilet, in fact. File baskets, which were expensive things, are now only 38s. 6d., and they make splendid presents. Light jewel-cases made without wood are a charming specialty. A small one, fitted with a removable tray and a good lock and key, costs only 10s. 6d. A very convenient small gift is a little bag-purse with a strap for the fingers attaching it to the back of the hand; it costs only 12s. A catalogue, setting forth the attractions more fully, will be sent post free upon application.

The Latest in Leather.

We can be sure of seeing a wonderful collection of fascinating and useful Christmas presents at the well-known premises of Mark Cross, Regent Street. The very latest, as well as the most reliable, work-baskets, the fittings all arranged crescent-shaped in the lid, are attractive. Even more so are egg-shaped work-tables, in white or brown wood frames, with leather covers. These are of all colours. To tone in with a dainty boudoir they are perhaps best in white, with the cover the colour of the room. A handsome-looking waste-paper basket in brown wicker, with a rim of any coloured leather, and lined to match, is a useful gift at very moderate price; it, too, will tone with any room. Suit-cases having elastic pockets all in the cover, to take any fittings, leaving the case-space clear for packing, are clever, and will be appreciated as presents, either fitted or unfitted. A capital little case for a man, that will go easily in his pocket, holds



"THAT I WOULD BE THE JEWEL THAT TREMBLES IN HER EAR": TRINKETS FAVOURED BY THE GREEK GODDESSES.

At Messrs. Charles Packer and Co.'s, 76-78, Regent Street.

For Use and Beauty.

Presents out of the beaten track are specially valued if they are such as can be constantly used, and therefore often admired by the possessor and friends. Multitudes of really beautiful gifts of this kind are ready to be selected from at Brigg and Sons', the well-known walking-stick, umbrella, sunshade, crop and whip manufacturers at 23, St. James's Street, S.W. Although there are exclusive and expensive things to be seen, there is also the utmost

possible value to be obtained for quite modest outlay. An umbrella for a man, of the very best, can be bought for 23s., so that Messrs. Brigg and Sons' great name and up-to-date premises in London's smartest street need not alarm the man or woman of moderate means. A motor sunshade or wind-screen, which folds and which can be turned over to hold at any angle, has been acknowledged a clever invention. It has been left to the firm in question to remedy its chief defect: it was apt in a sudden rush of wind, turning a corner abruptly, to right itself to the endangering of its owner's countenance. By means of slipping a tip into a slot and securing it there with a sliding collar, this is rendered impossible. Such a gift may be had from one guinea. Women, being rather heavily burdened these days, like an umbrella, en-tout-cas, or sun-

shade which, when not in use, can be hung on the arm. A duck's-head, cleverly fashioned as a crook, answers this purpose. Only a visit to the firm gives an adequate idea of the variety and beauty of the presents to be obtained there; they are the last word in their own kind. Though the firm is celebrating its three-quarters of a century, it is always in the van of progress.

Triumph To-day of a Centuries-Old Mode.

Earrings were worn by the ladies of ancient Greece—there is evidence that not only mortals, but goddesses favoured the fashion. In any case, it is a pretty one, generally becoming, and is established to-day as a mode not of the moment, but of the period. As it was

not a Victorian fashion, most women who possessed earrings turned them to other purposes; consequently the vast majority of us have, at most, one pair—possibly not even one pair of any value. It was therefore a clever thought of Charles Packer and Co., the very old-established firm of jewellers at 76-78, Regent Street, to make a specialty of this ornament. On the principle of what is worth doing being worth doing well, they have over one hundred and forty different patterns in earrings to show; while an illustrated list entirely devoted to them is a liberal education in their variety in design and in price. It will be sent post free to anyone on application. A lovely pair, in finest and most delicate diamond-and-platinum work, cost only £33 10s., which are among what may be considered expensive in this very comprehensive stock.

Where Picked Presents are at Pleasant Prices.

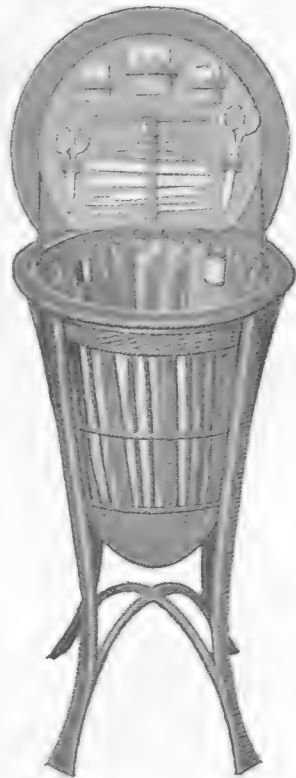
It is as easy to go to Fenchurch Street as it is to come down to breakfast, and the reward, if one is present-hunting, is great, because in this busy thoroughfare is the chief establishment of the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company. At 125 its exceeding brightness will be discerned. As the name indicates, the things come from the manufactory to the shop, and can therefore be obtained at pleasingly favourable prices. A silver hand-mirror with a back of much distinction, and one that is uncommon, too, at 30s., is wonderful value. There are remarkably pretty sets of enamel waist-buckle, shoe-buckles, hat-pins, and buttons, in pale mauve, dark blue, rose-pink, and other colours, at 55s., 44s., 28s.; those at the smaller prices have fewer articles. A case of six

silver coffee-spoons for 18s. 6d. is at once useful and charming. Quite unusual is a little pierced-silver bonbon-dish, standing high on the table; the price is almost ridiculous for what it is, only 10s. 6d. A silver cabinet-photograph frame, of pretty design, costs only 3s. Most useful is a trefoil-dish in the shape of escalloped shells, for butter, cheese, and biscuits (one lined with glass for butter) with servers, and a reliable handle, in good, well-wearing plate for a guinea. A stand of three flower-vases in silver at 42s., one for four flower tube-vases in plate at 30s. Mustard-pots in great variety in silver at 18s. 6d. Manicure sets from 15s., and a very neat, dainty little silver hanging vanity-box at 11s. 6d. A handsome little silver box, with a tortoise-shell lid inlaid with silver, in Empire design, is sold for 12s. 6d. These little things are enough to give an idea of the wonderfully moderate prices. The Christmas catalogue will be sent post free on application.

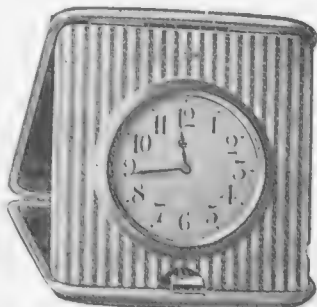
An Egyptian Odour.

When making gifts, the newest perfume produced by the always successful Erasmic Company, "La Reine d'Egypte" should not be forgotten. It is distinctive to a remarkable degree, apart from any other, and of rare fascination.

The prices for the different-sized bottles are 2s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 8s. 6d. A visit to the show-rooms of the Company, 117, Oxford Street, W., will afford opportunity for a choice of acceptable presents. Remembering men friends, Erasmic shaving-soap is not to be overlooked. It has the double merit of being both British and of the best.

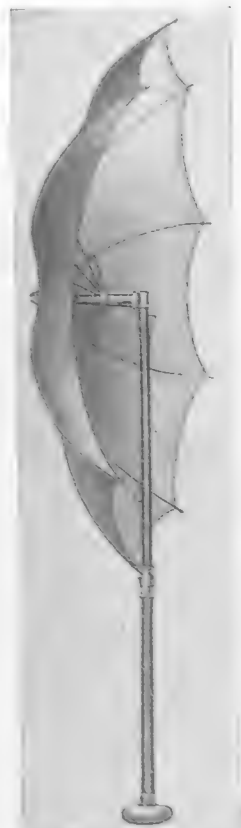


OF VERY CONVENIENT DEPTH: AN EGG-SHAPED WORK-TABLE FOR A DAINTY BOUDOIR.
At Messrs. Mark Cross', 89, Regent Street.



THE BASKET THAT TAKES THE CAKE, A POCKET FOLD-UP CLOCK, A BOX, AND A BON-BON DISH.

At the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Co.'s, 125, Fenchurch Street.



ADJUSTABLE TO ANY ANGLE: A MOTOR SUNSHADE.

At Messrs. Brigg and Sons', 23, St. James's Street, S.W.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 12.

THE MARKETS.

THERE is very little to comment on in the Stock Markets of the past week, and interesting features are few and far between. Sir Edward Grey's eagerly awaited speech was well received by everyone in England and France, but it has not been followed by the anticipated increase of public business. The coming issue of Treasury Bills has helped to make money more valuable, and Consols have been a shade easier.

Home Rails are quite dependent on the labour position from day to day. When things look hopeful there is a smart rise, and when the gentle porter is truculent down go prices. The manufacturers in the Midlands seem to think a strike is imminent, but we are inclined to believe that the Christmas trade will not be interfered with. Canadian Pacifics are up to 247 on the good results of the October working, but Grand Trunks have been flat. The dividend announcement sent Peruvian Preference up to 44½, against a quotation of 40 when we referred to them a week or two back.

In the Miscellaneous Market Shipping shares have eased off after their rapid rise, but Marconis and London General Omnibus stock have been in great demand, the latter being no less than 10 points up at 159.

THE WAR.

One of the most noticeable features of the last Account was the rise in both Italian and Turkish issues in the face of the news from Tripoli. There seems little doubt that the war must be both long and expensive to both combatants, and the refusal of the Powers to permit the blockade of the Dardanelles will not assist a speedy termination; and yet Italian Rentes stand at 100½. The highest point touched this year is only three points above this figure, and the present price would make them look fully valued even in a time of peace, as the rate of interest is now only 3¼ and will shortly be scaled down to 3½ per cent. It is true that the accounts just presented by the Minister of Finance make a very creditable showing, and the Budgets of the next two years are expected to produce a surplus; but the cost of the war has probably been underestimated and a good many points stretched in "window-dressing" for the benefit of the Italian public.

Turkish finances are far from being in a healthy condition, and the Budget for 1912 estimates a big deficiency—over 3½ million pounds Turkish—although less is allocated to military expenditure than during the current year. This deficiency will probably be exceeded. Sir Adam Block, in the course of his special report on the Ottoman Public Debt, says: "The Minister of Finance will be hard pressed to close his financial year, as he had hoped, without further borrowing. As far as can be ascertained at this moment, I am afraid that the Treasury will have to borrow at least one million pounds before the end of the year in order to make ends meet."

NIGERIAN TIN.

The news from Nigeria continues to confirm the opinions of those who have held optimistic views as to the prospects. During the last few days the shares of this group have been firmer and more active than of late, and the market is forging ahead. The recent cablegram reporting shipments from the Bauchi Company was followed by the report of the Jos tin areas, which makes a creditable showing; and now the Niger Company announce that 150 tons of tin oxide were shipped by various Companies on Nov. 22, making 300 tons during the fortnight.

The value of this tin, delivered in Liverpool, is, roughly, £120 per ton, which leaves a big margin of profit for the Companies.

The Jos Company estimate an average production of 100 tons per annum, which, in spite of labour and transport difficulties, should show an annual net profit of £5000 (25 per cent. on the capital), so the 5s. shares still look cheap at their present price of 4s.

Tin areas of Nigeria, the parent Company of the Jos, is another with hopeful prospects. The shares have been as high as 17s. this year, but are now down again to 10s. 6d.

GUAYAQUIL AND QUITO FIVE PER CENT. BONDS.

Some weeks ago we referred to these Bonds, and now the pressure brought by the United States Government has borne fruit, and the Council of Foreign Bondholders make the welcome announcement that the arrears of interest are to be paid up this month, and that the daily deposits of Customs receipts for the service of the bondholders have been resumed.

The internal conditions of the Republic of Ecuador are becoming very much more satisfactory, and it now seems probable that the coupons will be regularly met as they fall due, so it is a little difficult to understand why the quotation for these Bonds has not responded to this announcement.

After deducting the £7 10s. of arrears promised this month and the £2 10s. due on Jan. 1, the net price is only 55, so that the return works out at over 9 per cent. on the money.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

Christmas—I believe that every journalist with any self-respect (and we all know that journalists, as a class, are of all people particularly rich in that estimable characteristic) invariably begins any article at this time of year with the word "Christmas": it makes the thing look topical, anyway—Christmas, as I have already observed—but perhaps you can guess the conclusion of the sentence, so let

us take it as written. What I like about Christmas is the advertisements it brings out. I don't mean the sort of spurious things that appear in the editorial columns, but the genuine articles. Take *The Sketch*, for example. Its advertisement pages at this time of year are much more interesting than any of the others; and even the "E. F. S." page of theatrical criticism—which to the minds of some of us (Met him? No, wish I had) is the pleasantest of all its pleasant reading in the ordinary way—has its work cut out to keep up to the interest-mark created by these clever, alluring advertisers, who set out their wares, and their whereabouts, with such touching appeals that one unwittingly breaks the Tenth Commandment ten times ten every week. Wish we of the Stock Exchange could advertise! Think of this, "Give him a Peru Preference for Christmas. The initial cost of a thousand pounds stock is trifling compared with the lifelong satisfaction it will afford." Or another, "Consols: more than a luxury: welcomed in every household, from Palace to Cottage." Take a third: "For Christmas in the country, buy our (Grand) Trunks: strong and durable. Do not accept substitutes." One more to wind up with—"Chartered for all ages of men and women. Chartered for the nursery: keep the children quiet. Chartered for the father: better than any card-game of Patience. Chartered for the despondent: always full of hope," and so on and so forth. You may, of course, complain that all this has nothing whatever to do with "Echoes from the House. The Stock Exchange," and in that respect you will probably get nearer the truth than you know, because, as a matter of fact, I am writing this at home, and it's very much of a toss-up between me and the postman as to whether both of us will catch the midnight post.

Don't bother about Home Rails. They may go up and down until the dividends are out, but after that, who is going to buy them? The labour trouble, we are sorry to say—as most of us do—is becoming chronic, and peace will be made only to be broken.

As for Yankees, they tell me in the market to buy Unions for 200. As a highly speculative investment, I believe the shares are right. Only don't go and tumble in on a "good" day. Wait until there's been a bit of a break. Then show your luck.

Got out of your Perus? After so breathless a rise, you'd expect them to go back, and if they do, I think it is absolutely right to have the Preference as a lock-up. I'd rather buy these than a good deal of higher-priced Home Railway stock.

That new Chili 5 per cent. at 98½, with instalments spread over nine months, and a full coupon due next May, looks one of the cheapest things the Foreign Market can show. The cash premium is about five shillings, and the price ought to go to par.

Too much fuss altogether seems to have been made over the useful speech of the Japanese Finance Minister, warning the Japs that they must retrench. A cabled summary of the speech exaggerated the caution, and, in consequence, people have been selling their Bonds, which appears to be rather a pity, so far as can be seen just now. Indeed, if I had any money—much melancholy virtue can reside in an "if"—I should put some of it into the 4½ per Cents., the Second Series of which can be bought about 97½, with a coupon due six weeks hence.

The big rise in Brazil Railways last Friday brought in a few sellers, but the shares are persistently tipped as likely to go a whole lot better. Another gamble. Not so very long ago big firms in the Foreign Railway Market put Brazil Rails somewhere on a par with Little Chathams, but opinion is veering round pretty considerably now. Still, mind you, the shares are highly speculative even yet.

I had a lot more to say, and was keeping the really good things to the last; but my City Editor says "Half a column," so it's no use even promising amendments, because they'd only get guillotined if I introduced them. However, I hug to my breast the promise of a sweet revenge, because it won't be long, by George! before he is sticking threepenny-stamps on weekly forms for THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Dec. 2, 1911.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

NIGHT.—(1) You would get about £127 nominal of stock for your £100, and the interest would amount to about £3 4s. (2) Yes, you would lose £2 17s. if the stock dropped as you suggest.

INTERESTED.—We answered you fully by private letter, rather than keep you waiting.

INVESTOR.—We do not know the Company, nor is it in any reference book.

LEE.—Coats will only yield you £3 1s. 6d. per cent., for each £1 share will cost you about 11½. Brunner Mond would return £5 7s. 6d. per cent., but are also very high. The Bank Shares are a good investment, but there is a liability of £40 per share. We should think the New Chilian 5 per cent. loan or the stock of a first-rate Argentine Railway, like Buenos Ayres Great Southern, would be better for you than English or Scotch Industrials.

ENGINE.—We are doubtful about English Railway stocks because of the labour position, which is very disquieting. If it were not for this they would all stand many points higher.

OATS.—The Rubber Company is a bad egg and you may consider your money as lost. The Financial Editor agrees cordially with what you say.

The accounts of Carreras, Ltd., show an available balance of £48,543 4s. 1d. after writing off all advertising for the year, and the directors recommend a dividend of 10 per cent. per annum for the half-year on the Ordinary shares, making 7½ per cent. for the year, and placing £7000 to reserve, making a total reserve of £25,000, and carrying forward £28,343 12s. 10d.

The Premier Oil and Pipe Line, on an issued capital of £953,000, is paying quarterly dividends at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum; and on only its present annual production at the rate of 168,000 tons, at a profit of £1 per ton, these distributions should be easily maintained. But drilling is actively in progress, and before long the sixteen producing wells will be doubled. In its new property, acquired from the Triumph Company, there are, however, further vast possibilities, and holders of Premiers, on which, as it is, the return amounts to 13 per cent., are fully justified in their expectations of a much higher annual dividend and market valuation in the course of time. At about 17s. 6d. the shares are, therefore, considered by many an attractive speculative lock-up.

MEXICAN FUEL AND POWER COMPANY, LTD.—We understand that an issue of Preference shares will shortly be made by this Company, which owns sole rights over a peat deposit twelve miles from Mexico City and connected therewith by a navigable canal. Mexico City, which stands at an altitude of nearly eight thousand feet, has no coal-mine within eight hundred miles. Charcoal is the fuel of the country, but at present it has to be brought to the city from a great distance, and the advantages of a large and constant supply near at hand can hardly be overestimated.

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AN IDEAL GIFT. The "Adapta" Table.



Can be instantly raised, lowered, reversed, or inclined either way. It extends over bed, couch, or chair, without touching it, and is the ideal Table for reading or taking meals in bed. Change of position is effected by simply pressing the patent push button. The height of Table can be adjusted at any point from 28 in. to 43 in. from floor. The top is 27 in. long by 18 in. wide, and is always in alignment with the base. It cannot overbalance. The "Adapta" Table is instantly adjustable to various convenient uses, such as Reading Stand, Writing Table, Bed Rest, Sewing or Work Table, Music Stand, Easel, Card Table, &c.

PRICES.

- No. 1.—Enamelled Metal Parts, with Stained Oak Top £1 7 6
- No. 2.—Ditto, with Adjustable Side Tray and Automatic Book-holders (as illustrated) ... £1 15 0
- No. 3.—Complete as No. 2, but with Polished Oak Top and superior finish ... £2 5 0
- No. 4.—Complete as No. 3, but with all Metal Parts Nickel Plated ... £3 3 0

Carriage Paid in Great Britain. BOOKLET A 13 FREE.

J. FOOT & SON, Ltd. (Dept. A 13), 171, New Bond Street, London, W.

FOOT'S

ADJUSTABLE REST-CHAIR



Automatic Adjustable Back.

"THE BURLINGTON" (Patented).

Simply press a button and the back declines, or automatically rises, to any position desired by the occupant. Release the button and the back is locked.

The Arms open outwards, affording easy access and exit.

The Leg Rest is adjustable to various inclinations, and can be used as a footstool. When not in use it slides under the seat.

The Front Table, Electric Light attachment, Reading Desk, and Side Tray are adjustable and removable.

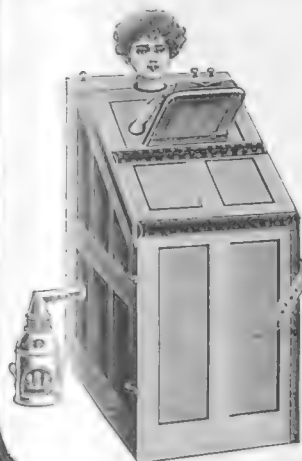
The only chair combining these conveniences, or that is so easily adjusted.

The Upholstery is exceptionally deep, with spring elastic edges.

Catalogue C 13 of Adjustable Chairs Free.

**171-NEW-BOND-STREET
LONDON-W**

FOOT'S PATENT FOLDING BATH CABINET



All the delights and benefits of hot-air, vapour, medicated, and perfumed baths can now be enjoyed privately at home with assured safety and comfort. Physicians recommend it for the prevention and cure of Colds, Influenza, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Skin Diseases, &c.

AN IDEAL HEALTH-GIVING LUXURY.

It forces the impurities and poisonous matters through the pores of the skin, increases the circulation of the blood, and vitalises the whole body. Nothing else accomplishes such perfect cleanliness, or so quickly quiets the nervous and rests the tired. It can be used in any room, and folds into a small compact space. No assistant is required.

Dr. Gordon Stables says:—
"FOOT'S is the BEST THERMAL CABINET."

Prices from 35/-

"Bath Book," B 13, Post Free.

J. FOOT & SON, LTD.,

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171, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.

THE Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company

With which is incorporated the Goldsmiths' Alliance, Ltd. (A. B. Savory & Sons), Established 1751.

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Famous the World over for
DESIGN QUALITY VALUE

SELECTIONS
SENT ON
APPROVAL
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ILLUSTRATED
LIST OF XMAS
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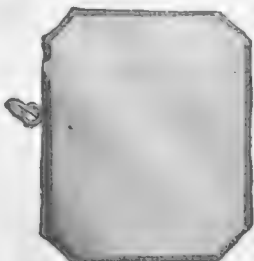


Solid Silver Pierced Syphon Stand with Applique Festoons

£5 5 0

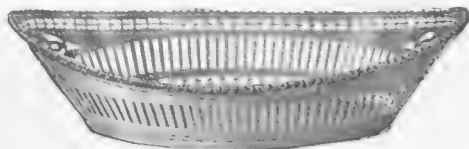
In Regent Plate with Silver Mounts

£1 5 0



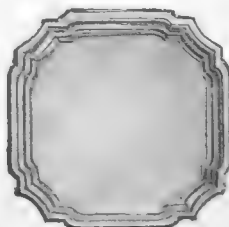
Solid Silver Match Box. Flat with Bevelled Edges.

19/-



Solid Silver Oval Pierced Cake or Bread Basket, with Wire Border.

Length 12 inches
£3 15 0



Solid Silver Ash Tray, Reproduced from Antique Georgian Waiter

11/-



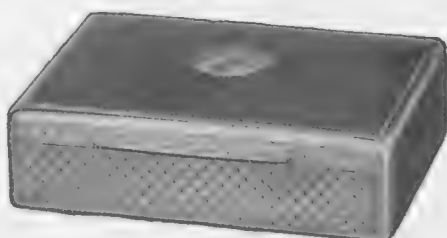
All Solid Silver Mounted Cut Crystal Scent Pump New and Satisfactory Model

£1 5 0



Beautifully Hand-Pierced and Engraved Oval-Shaped Jewel Casket. Lined Velvet

Length 4 1/2 inches £2 0 0
" 6 1/2 " £3 10 0



Solid Silver Finely Engine-turned Cigar and Cigarette Box Combination. Size 7 by 5 inches

£5 10 0



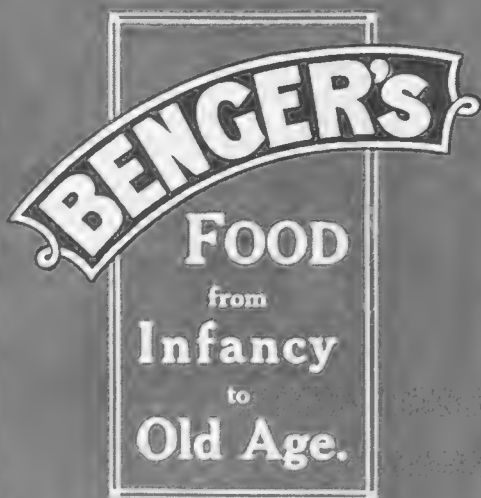
Solid Silver Boat-Shaped Inkstand with Pierced Border

£1 10 0

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

THE PUBLIC SUPPLIED DIRECT AT MANUFACTURERS' CASH PRICES.

112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.



With this food the digestive system, whether enfeebled by illness, overwork or advancing age, is rested and restored, and while this takes place, complete nourishment is maintained.

But mark this special point—Benger's is not a pre-digested Food; it is self-digestive. The difference is important, because in this respect Benger's differs from every other Food, especially as the extent of this self-digestion is within your own control.

There are certain digestive principles contained in Benger's Food which begin to act while you are preparing it. These perform the important functions of—

1. Transforming the Benger's Food into soluble form suitable for enfeebled digestion.
2. Modifying the milk with which it is prepared, so that this cannot form heavy curd.

Thus Benger's Food is comforting to those who find milk heavy and disagreeable. You never tire of it, as with ordinary milk foods. It combines successfully with tea, chocolate and coffee, and with such stimulants as the doctor may advise.

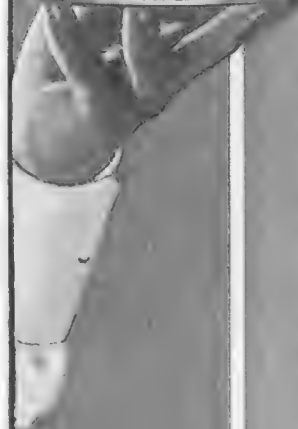
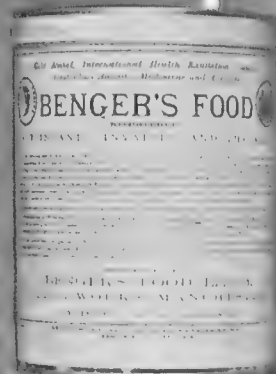
Benger's assists not only the digestive but other functions. It braces up general health by its highly nutritive properties.

It has the important advantage of becoming slightly laxative, if the longer time for digestion mentioned in the directions is allowed, whereas highly concentrated food products usually act otherwise.

Benger's Food, with full directions, may be obtained in tins from chemists, etc., throughout the world.

Benger's Booklet—a little work of authority on the special feeding of Infants, Invalids, and the Aged, will be sent post free on application to:—

BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester.
NEW YORK BRANCH OFFICE:—92, WILLIAM STREET.





FASHIONS COME AND FASHIONS GO ;
 WITH JOHNNIE WALKER 'TIS NOT SO ;
 BORN IN 1820———HE
 STILL IS GOING STRONG, YOU SEE.

Johnnie Walker is obtainable in three ages : Johnnie Walker "White Label," six years old. Johnnie Walker "Red Label," ten years old. Johnnie Walker "Black Label," twelve years old.

And as even experts disagree as to the ages at which whisky is at its best, it is for you to make your choice. Every bottle bears this label : "Guaranteed same quality throughout the world."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK.

ANOTHER REDUCTION

WE LEAD AGAIN

OWING TO THE FALL IN THE COST OF RAW MATERIALS.

Our motor fabric is nearly double the ordinary strength, thus removing risk of BURSTS. The rubber being highly compressed and toughened by our secret process the tread has EXTRA DURABILITY.

COMPARE OUR PRICES WITH OTHERS.

TERMS AS PER LIST.

Size of Tyres.	Grooved.	Steel-Studded.	Tubes.	Re-treading Plain.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
750 x 85	2 15 6	3 16 0	0 16 0	0 17 0
710 x 90	3 10 0	3 18 6	0 19 0	0 15 8
760 x 90	3 14 0	4 4 0	1 0 0	0 18 4
810 x 90	3 19 6	4 11 0	1 2 0	1 1 4
870 x 90	4 7 6	4 19 0	1 3 0	1 7 0
910 x 90	4 12 0	5 5 0	1 5 0	1 8 4
760 x 100	4 16 0	5 9 0	1 4 0	1 2 8
810 x 100	5 4 0	5 17 0	1 5 0	1 5 6
870 x 100	5 12 0	6 6 6	1 7 6	1 9 8
815 x 105	5 12 0	6 5 0	1 7 0	1 7 0
875 x 105	6 1 0	6 15 0	1 8 6	1 8 4
915 x 105	6 6 0	7 2 6	1 10 0	1 14 0
820 x 120	6 14 0	7 0 0	1 12 0	1 9 8
850 x 120	7 1 6	7 6 6	1 13 0	1 11 2
880 x 120	7 6 6	7 13 6	1 14 0	1 14 0
920 x 120	7 14 6	8 0 0	1 16 0	1 18 2
895 x 135	8 7 0	8 18 0	1 19 0	2 12 4
935 x 135	8 16 0	9 9 0	2 1 0	3 1 0



Rubber Tyre
Manufacturers
to H.M. THE KING

As supplied direct to H.M. War Office, London County Council, Wolesley Tool and Motor Car Co., Ltd., Daimler Co., Ltd., Messrs. D. Napier & Sons, Ltd., Bristol Tramways & Carriage Co., Ltd., S. F. Edge, Ltd., Lanchester Motor Co., Ltd., Clement-Talbot, Ltd., Maudslay Motor Co., Ltd., Austin Motor Co., Ltd., Dennis Bros., Ltd., Milnes-Daimler, Ltd., New Arrol-Johnston Motor Car Co., Ltd., F.I.A.T. Motors, Ltd., Argyls, Ltd., &c., &c.

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DON'T ACCEPT SUBSTITUTES. THERE ARE NO "JUST AS GOOD."

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25 and 26, GREAT SHIP STREET, DUBLIN.
116, NORTH STREET, GLASGOW.

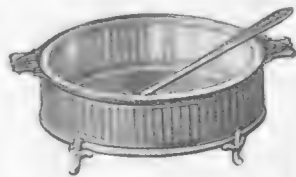
249, DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER.
Greenland Mills, BRADFORD-ON-AVON, Etc., Etc.
Telephones — see Directory

Telegraphic Addresses — "Sirdar," London, Manchester, Glasgow, Dublin, Bradford-on-Avon, Etc.

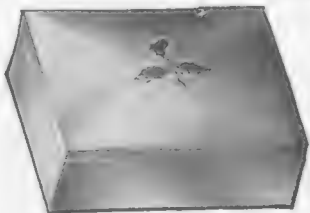
ELKINGTON & CO., LTD.

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO T.M. THE KING AND QUEEN.

Write for Free Illustrated List of
XMAS NOVELTIES.



29113
Butter Dish and Fork, Glass
Lining, Pierced Frame, Sterling
Silver, 17 6



29144
Sterling Silver Cigarette Box,
to hold 25 cigarettes.
Holly decoration in colours,
21 -



29124
The "Dolly Varden"
Basket.
Finely pierced
Sterling Silver.

5 1/2 in. high ... 18 6
6 1/2 in. " ... 35/-
8 1/2 in. " ... 52 6



28027
The "Jacobean" Tea Service.
ELKINGTON PLATE.

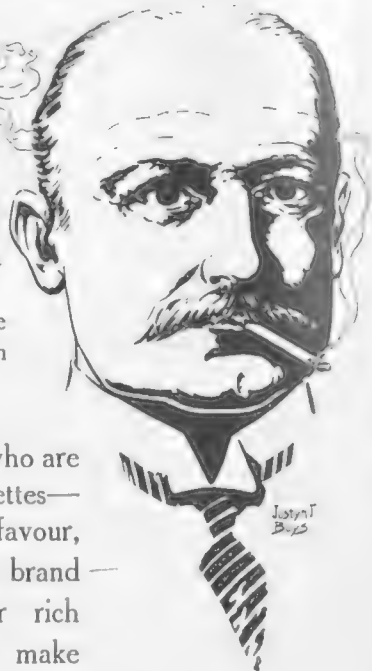
Teapot (1 1/2-pt.), £2 7 6. Sugar Basin, £1 2 6. Cream Jug, £1 0 0

LONDON: 22, REGENT ST., S.W., 73, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

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Major B Baden-Powell

SAYS "I have smoked De Reszke
Cigarettes, and find them
very good."



CONNOISSEURS—men who are
accustomed to good cigarettes—
have by their praise and favour,
made "De Reszke" the foremost brand—
throughout the world. Their rich
flavour and exquisite mildness make
instant appeal to all good judges.

Two kinds. One quality only—the best.
Tenor (Turkish): 6/3 per 100; 3/4 per 50;
1/9 per 25.
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per 25.

Obtainable wherever good Cigarettes are sold, or post free from
J. Millhoff and Co., Ltd., 17, Down Street, Piccadilly, London, W.

"De Reszke"

The Aristocrat of Cigarettes

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH



BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.

SCRUBB'S AMMONIA

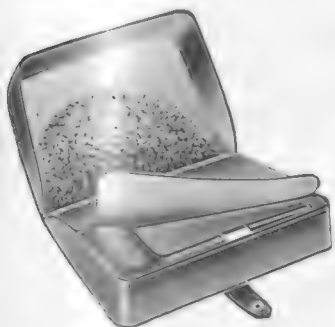
MARVELLOUS PREPARATION

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.
Restores the Colour to Carpets.
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.
Softens Hard Water.

Price 1s. per Bottle.

Of all Grocers, Chemists, &c.

SCRUBB & CO., LTD., GUILDFORD ST., LAMBETH, LONDON, S.E.



Quite NEW Tobacco Pouch, complete with BIRIAR PIPE, PIG-SKIN, 10/6 VELVET surface MOLE LEATHER, 12/6



Very fine real SEAL Leather Letter Case, with long pocket for banknotes. SILVER flexible rim, 31/6

John Pound & Co.

During DECEMBER we are showing an Excellent Range of NOVELTIES suitable for

XMAS GIFTS.

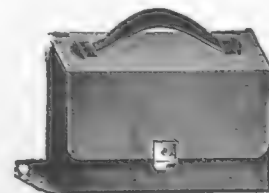
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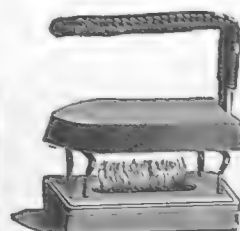
Pound's NEW Purse Bag for Lady, made of VELVET finish MOLE LEATHER. SPECIAL VALUE, 30/-



Gentleman's COLLAR BAG, made of the NEW VELVET finish MOLE LEATHER 10/- (Other qualities from 3/9)



Travelling IRON in LEATHER CASE, 15/6



BROWN LEATHER Combination, suitable for Lady or Gentleman, 17/6



LEATHER SLIPPERS in Case. For Lady 10/6 or Gentleman.

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CHRISTMAS PRESENTS OF STERLING VALUE.

125 & 126,
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SELECTIONS
WILLINGLY
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QUALITY AND
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GUARANTEED.

Sterling Silver Trinket Box,
2½ in. across, 11/6



Sterling Silver Hair Tidy, with
Enamel Spring Jointed Centre,
2½ inches high, 18/6

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POST FREE.



BEAUTIFUL STERLING SILVER
& TORTOISESHELL TOILET SET.
Hair Brushes, 9½ in. long, £2 2 0 each. Hand Mirror, 10 in. long, £2 12 6 each.
Velvet or Clothes Brushes 6½ in. long, £1 11 6 each.

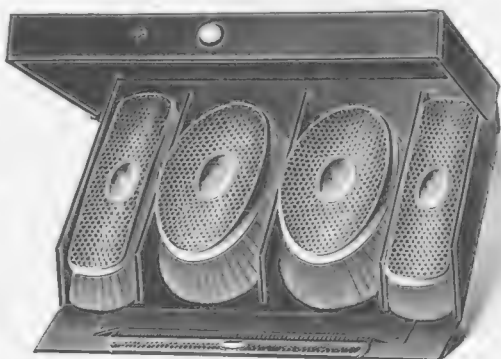


Sterling Silver
combined Sovereign
Case and Match
Box, 15-
oct. Gold,
£3 17 6

COMPARE
OUR PRICES
& QUALITY.



Lady's Stylish Hand-Bag in Polished Crushed
Morocco Leather. Moiré lining. Green and
Violet shades. 9½ in. long, £1 13 6

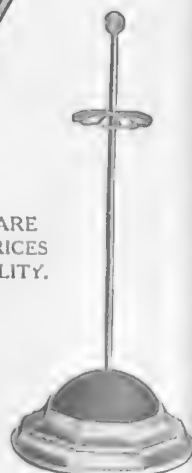


Pair of Sterling Silver Hammered Concave Hair Brushes,
Hat and Cloth Brushes, and Silver-mounted Comb.
Complete in Solid Leather Case, £3.12 6
Ditto ditto plain, 3 10 0
Size of Hair Brush, 5½ in. long.
Size of Cloth Brush, 6½ in. long.



Sterling Silver-mounted
Bath Puff Jar,
7 inches across, £2 5 0

A VISIT OF INSPECTION INVITED.
THERE WILL BE NO
IMPORTUNITY TO PURCHASE



Sterling Silver
Hat Pin Stand,
6 in. high, 6/-



Polished Leather Writing Case, fitted with
Pockets for Stationery, Pen and Pencil, Address
Book, Note Book, and Ink Bottle with Safety
Catch. 9 in. long, 9/-; 10½ in. long, 12/6



Polished Leather Folding Purse
Watch, Lever movement, 16/6



Ladies' Sterling Silver Purse,
lined Leather, 1½ in. across, 12/-



Neat Shallow Wrist Bag with Cord Handle.
One outer pocket. Best Gilt Frame.
In Velvet finish Calf Skin, lined Moiré Silk.
7 in. long, 18/-
Also in Real Furless Seal skin,
£1 1 0

Obtainable in several shades.

VELBECK PLATE IS GUARANTEED TO WEAR FOR 35 YEARS.



Tea Pot (1 pint), £5 5 0 Sugar Basin, £2 5 0 Cream Jug, £1 15 0
Tea Pot (1 pint), 52/6 Sugar Basin, 22/0 Cream Jug, 20/-
Welbeck Plate Service (guaranteed to wear 35 years),
Sugar Basin, 22/0



Sterling Silver Cake Basket, Antique Design,
10 in. long, £5 2 6 12 in. long, £6 17 6
Similar ditto, At Quality Plate, 12 in. long, £1 10 0

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POST
FREE.



Welbeck Plate Butter Dish, with Frosted Glass Lining
and Butter Knife, 11/6

*I have seen nothing better, nothing
more solid, and yet artistic, and
above all nothing more reasonable
in price than the productions of
the Alexander Clark Manufac-
turing Company.—"The Graphic."*

Stewart Dawson & Company

73, 75, 77, 79, 81, REGENT STREET, W.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

"Pleasantest shopping rendezvous in London."—OBSERVER.

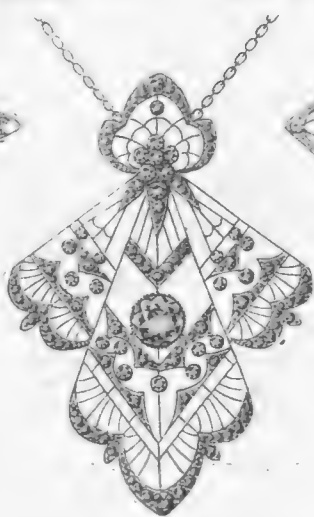
"25 to 50 per cent. under usual prices."—DAILY TELEGRAPH.



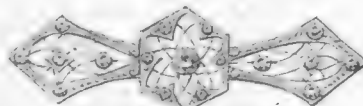
Fine Diamond and Pearl Negligé, Platinum Setting, and Chain, £7 5 0



Fine Diamond and Pearl Brooch, Platinum Setting, £8 15 0



An example of artistic jewellers' craftsmanship in Diamonds, with dainty Platinum Setting. A charming Selection in Stock. Inspection Invited.



Fine Diamond Brooch, Platinum Setting, £8 15 0



Fine Diamond and Pearl Negligé, Platinum Setting, and Chain, £13 0 0



Fine Pearls and Pink Tourmalines, £2 10 0 per pair.



Pearl and Chrysolite, £1 16 6 per pair.



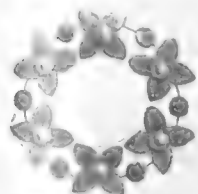
Diamonds and Whole Pearls, £6 10 0 per pair.



Diamonds and Aquamarine, £5 0 0 per pair.



Fine Diamond and Whole Pearl Brooch, £9 10 0



Pearl and Turquoise Circle Brooch, 18 6



Fine Diamond and Whole Pearl Circle Brooch, £4 2 6

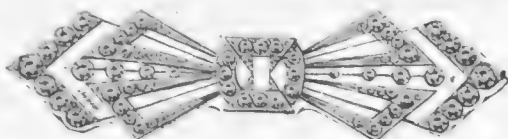
In Buying your Xmas and New Year Presents from Stewart Dawson and Company you obtain greater choice and far more valuable gifts for the same expenditure than is possible elsewhere. Inspection and Comparison Invited.



Garnet and Pearl Negligé Necklet, £2 5 0
Amethyst and Golden Topaz same price.



Diamonds, Rubies, and Pearl Scarf-Pin, £2



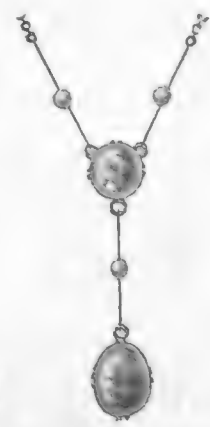
Fine Diamond Lace Bow Brooch, Platinum Mounts, £11 0 0



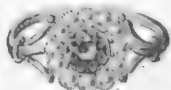
Fine Gold Peridot and Pearl Brooch, £2 2 6



Diamonds and Pearl Pin, forming Stud, £9 10 0



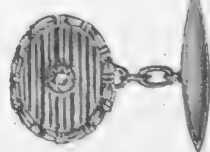
Opal and Pearl Negligé Necklet, £3 2 6
Carbuncle, £2 2 6



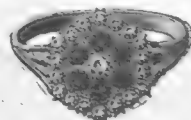
Pearls with Green Tourmaline, 18-ct. Gold, £1 12 6



Gold and Mother-o'-Pearl Platinum Fronts, £4 5 0 per pair



Platinum Links, Diamond Centre, Gold Backs, £9 10 0 per pair.

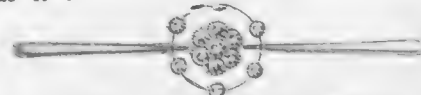


Diamonds and Sapphires or Rubies, 18-ct. Setting, £3 10 0



Fine Diamond Brooch, Platinum Setting, £5 5 0

ILLUSTRATED XMAS GIFT BOOK FREE



Fine Diamond Brooch, Platinum Setting, £6 15 0

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73, 75, 77, 79, 81, Regent Street, London, W.

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THE TREASURE HOUSE, HATTON GARDEN, E.C.



BY APPOINTMENT.

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ESTABLISHED OVER HALF A CENTURY.

DREW and SONS

PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.

Specialists in the Manufacture of
DRESSING BAGS and CASES.
NEW AND EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS FOR WEDDING OR OTHER PRESENTATION.
Gentleman's Case fitted with a full Set of Silver-mounted Toilet Bottles
of convenient size and finest make.

SHOW ROOMS
PICCADILLY CIRCUS W.

The
Largest
Selection of
UNIQUE
Christmas
Presents.



The above New design of a very handsome Gentleman's Case, 24 inches long, of finest golden-brown Crocodile, the lining and all the leather fittings being of selected REAL Pigskin. The toilet bottles are all mounted with heavy silver, hair brushes and clothes brushes also of silver. The entire set, made throughout at **London Works**, is very beautifully engine turned, as design shows. Price, including a best mail cover with leather corners ... (net cash) **£52 10 0**
One hundred Gentlemen's Cases in stock at prices from **£7 10s.** upwards, all of Drew's guaranteed quality.

Customers' OLD BAG FITTINGS MADE AS NEW, and adapted to Cases of Newest Design.
Plans and Estimates Free.

DREW & SONS, Also PATENT "EN ROUTE" | PATENT WOOD
Makers of TEA & LUNCHEON BASKETS | FIBRE TRUNKS

BURNS & SCALDS.

MOTHER or maid meets with an accident at the cooking-range, or baby falls over the fender on to the bars of the grate. In either case soothing Zam-Buk is the best first-aid to rely upon. No sooner is a dressing of Zam-Buk applied to a burn or scald than the pain disappears and inflammation is stopped.

When the skin blisters and breaks, a dressing of Zam-Buk acts as a perfect antiseptic shield over the flesh and prevents infection by dirt and poisonous disease germs. Unless the latter are kept out by Zam-Buk the wound will take bad ways, and dangerous bouts of eczema, blood-poison or ulceration may be the result.

Zam-Buk is quite distinct from all ordinary cheap ointments. It stands alone for effectiveness, utility, and reliability. Zam-Buk is made from rich herbal juices which, as the result of a unique and scientific blending, prevent skin disease and heal wounds by perfectly natural processes.

Only Zam-Buk can do this, and that is why it will pay you to keep a box of this precious and unparalleled healer always handy.

Zam-Buk

THE PERFECT HEALER.

"JADEITE"

(CHINESE JADE)

For

XMAS PRESENTS

THE most fascinating of all the precious stones of the East is Chinese Jade, which is the rarest and most unique of all stones of a like description. It differs from ordinary jade, now so popular, in its extreme rarity, also in the delightful tones of its colouring. The most highly prized is the **emerald green tint**, in which is accentuated the mysterious symbolism of the East.

It can be obtained carved according to Oriental taste, or obeying the more modern dictates of present fashion. It is unique and distinctive, and makes a charming change from other jewellery.

Inspection gladly invited—it will repay the giver, and please the recipient.



Jade and Pearl Earrings, £6 15 0 pair.



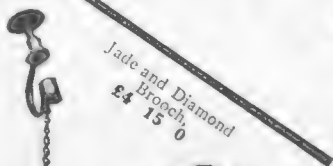
Jade and Diamond Pendant, £11 10 0



Jade and Pearl Earrings, £6 15 0 pair.



Jade Drop Earrings, £3 15 0 pair.



Jade and Diamond Brooch, £4 15 0



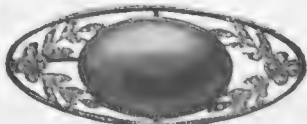
Jade Drop Earrings, £3 15 0 pair.



Jade Pendant, £4 10 0



Fine Jade Pendant, £9 10 0



Jade and Diamond Brooch, £10 10 0



Jade Pendant, £1 5 0

Booklet free, and goods sent on approval on receipt of references.

FRANK HYAMS, LTD.
128, New Bond Street
London, W.

FROM DUNEDIN, NEW ZEALAND.

A London Editor



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

Nervous Insomnia, Brain Fog—

Living always in the public eye, where every action and opinion is minutely examined, Mr. Chas. P. Sisley, the famous editor, says the *responsibility* of advising thousands of readers *compelled* him to make *sure* that his gratifying experience of Phosferine was supported by the *highest medical opinion*. During his control of the *London Magazine, Cycling, etc.*, this busy and conscientious editor suffered acutely from fatigue, nervous sleeplessness, and brain-fog, which tear the vitality out of literary workers, and it was at this critical time he proved that Phosferine *alone* relieved his nervous exhaustion and enabled him to continue his creative labours. Feeling thoroughly rejuvenated, with nerve forces supplemented and insomnia banished, Mr. Sisley declares, that he owes his "present immunity from nervous troubles *entirely* to Phosferine."

Will never return.

Mr. Charles P. Sisley, 12, Sumner Place, London, S.W., writes:—"Practically all my life has been spent in an editorial chair, and I have had my full share of the strain and worry incidental to modern journalism. Editorial work, naturally, has its compensations, but the nerve tension and weariness are often abnormal, and sometimes beyond endurance. Before I began to take Phosferine I suffered terribly from nervous insomnia, and many a night have I spent in positive agony, with throbbing head, and nerves that refused to rest, being only able to snatch, perhaps, an hour or two of sleep just before morn. To be forced to continue one's work day after day under such conditions is a trying ordeal, exhausting to the entire system; but now, whenever the symptoms of brain-tiredness begin to assert themselves, I know that one or two doses of Phosferine will completely re-establish my nerve force, and I have said good-bye to sleepless nights. I owe my present immunity from nervous troubles *entirely* to Phosferine."—August 18, 1911.

PHOSFERINE

GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Nervous Debility
Influenza
Indigestion
Sleeplessness
Exhaustion

Neuralgia
Maternity Weakness
Premature Decay
Mental Exhaustion
Loss of Appetite

Lassitude
Neuritis
Faintness
Brain-Fog
Anæmia

Backache
Rheumatism
Headache
Hysteria
Sciatica

and disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.



The Royal Tonic



Phosferine has been supplied by Royal Commands

To the Royal Family
H.I.M. the Empress of Russia
H.M. the King of Spain
H.M. the King of Greece
H.M. the Queen of Roumania

H.M. the Queen of Spain
H.I.M. the Dowager Empress of Russia
H.I.H. the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia
H.R.H. the Grand Duchess of Hesse
The Imperial Family of China

And the Principal Royalty and Aristocracy throughout the world.

The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

British Airmanship Again Moving. After a period of quiescence in England, matters aeroplanic appear again to be on the move. Mr. James Valentine, in qualifying for the Royal Aero Club's special certificate on Wednesday of last week, put up a highly meritorious performance. Mr. Valentine, steering a new Bristol military-type monoplane, flew from Salisbury Plain to Laffan's Plain, Aldershot, and back—a distance of just on one hundred miles. The outward journey occupied forty-five, and the return jaunt fifty-four, minutes. Although a divergence was made, the net distance was covered at a speed of no less than sixty miles per hour. In the altitude and gliding tests necessary to obtaining this particular brevet, Mr. Valentine ascended to a height of 2000 ft. While Valentine was so engaged, M. Salmét, of the Blériot School at Hendon, beat the existing British altitude record of 6595 feet, held by Mr. Armstrong Drexel, and made at Lanark in August 1910. M. Salmét ascended to no less a height than 9000 ft., or very little short of one and three-quarter miles. Above 6000 ft. the cold affected the carburation, but for which M. Salmét is of opinion that he could have done still better.

Something Like Encouragement! On all hands one hears that the aeroplane industry is languishing in this country for lack of encouragement. And it is likely to languish unless our Government take their courage, if they have any, in their hands and follow the admirable example of our gallant allies across the Channel. Consider the encouraging boost that has been given to the French trade by the lately concluded Military Aviation Trials. The final triumphs have fallen to Weymann and the Nieuport aeroplane, the Breguet-Gnome coming second, and the Deperdussin third. But mark the subsequent procedure of the French Government. They show too much dignity to take the gift of machines from a private person, or leave manufacturers undecided as to what is to follow their demonstrations. The machine upon which Weymann scored for his employers is to be bought by the French Government for £4000, and an order is at the same time lodged for ten duplicates at £1600 apiece. Further, a premium of £20 is offered for every kilometre in excess of 60 kilometres per hour which these machines achieve. To the makers of the Breguet biplane an order for six machines at £1600 each is given, with a similar speed premium; while four Deperdussins are ordered from the firm responsible for those machines at the same price

and premium. This is something like encouragement! When will our War Office follow suit?

"Drive Near Left Kerb!"

The Commercial Motor Users' Association say they are persevering with their "Drive Near Left Kerb" campaign, and make reference to the deputation that waited upon Sir Edward Henry in June last, by which the Association were encouraged to attach upon central standards in the main thoroughfare between Hammersmith Broadway and Hyde Park Corner, some thirty enamelled plates bearing the words "Drive Near Left Kerb," and a hand with outstretched finger pointing to the left side of the road. The C.M.U.A. say that this experiment has been entirely successful, but I question very much whether motorists who use this road will altogether endorse this statement. The drivers of slow-moving traffic, particularly those presumed to direct the course of market-garden wagons, appear to take little if any notice of these directions, and are not likely to until a good many of them have been proceeded against and fined for obstruction. The C.M.U.A. suggest that if any flagrant or habitual cases are reported to them or to the police they may, if they think fit, take proceedings against these habitual offenders. They should not have to wait long for ample evidence.

A Catalogue-de-Luxe.

Surely it is but meet and fitting that super-excellent cars should be represented by super-excellent literature. The more the intending purchaser is held and interested by the information he can arrive at in connection with the particular car he fancies, the greater the hold of the car upon him, and the more probable the likelihood of his becoming a purchaser. No one has realised this more completely and put their convictions into practice more consistently than the Wolseley Tool and Motor Company, Ltd., of Adderley Park, Birmingham. Let their wonderfully produced and greatly interesting catalogue just to hand testify to this. It is a joy to scan and an education to peruse. No pains have been spared to give the "i.p." (intending purchaser) the very fullest information both with regard to the various chassis turned out at the huge Adderley Park works and the body-work. Nearly every possible combination of Wolseley chassis and carriage is illustrated—and beautifully illustrated. The book is step-indexed to facilitate reference to each particular model, and a sample specification for each car is given to show the total expenditure involved. It is the most complete and the most sumptuously produced catalogue I have yet come across.

DUNLOP

TRADE MARK

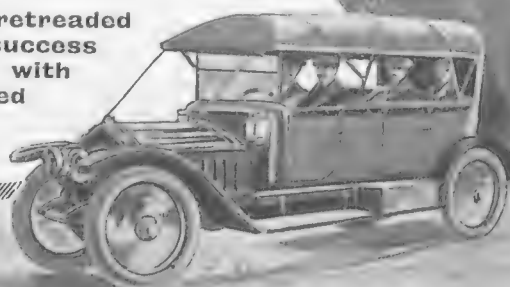
MOTOR TYRES

A well-known expert's experience with the new leather-treaded non-skids.

The Editor of "The Motor News" wrote on August 19, 1911:

"The Dunlop Co. are now producing studded tyres equal to any on the market. I used a pair of these tyres for a distance of between two and three thousand miles on a comparatively heavy car, and at the end of the period there was not a single stud missing, although on several occasions I was compelled to jam on both brakes forcibly to avoid collisions. There was hardly any sign of wear. Of course, the studs had worn down slightly, but beyond this the tyres seemed as perfect as when they were first put into use."

The new Dunlops can be retreaded with a measure of success hitherto unknown with leather-treaded tyres.



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Craven

Extra Mild

Your own enjoyment of Craven Extra Mild can only be equalled by the pleasure of introducing it to a friend and noting his keen delight and intense satisfaction as its wonderful mildness and exquisite sweetness dawn upon him—revealing vistas of new pleasure in smoking.

A gift of Craven Extra Mild for Christmas is one which any smoker will appreciate.

Craven Extra Mild is a milder grade of the famous "Craven" Mixture which was immortalised under the name of "Arcadia" by J. M. Barrie in "My Lady Nicotine."

"Craven Extra Mild" is manufactured under the new process, discovered by Mr. Bernhard Baron, by which the crude residue of harshness, which even the most matured tobacco previously contained, is eliminated.

Sold in 1-oz., 8d.; 2-oz., 1/3; 1-lb., 2/6; 1-lb., 5/- air-tight tins. Also in cartridges in packets of 14 pipefuls 8d.; 28 pipefuls 1/3.

Our world-renowned **Craven Mild**, in cartridges or loose, 2-oz., 1/3.

Of high-class tobaccoists all over the world. If you cannot obtain it locally, write direct to our West End Depot, 7, Wardour Street, Leicester Square, London, W.

CARRERAS, Ltd., Arcadia Works, City Rd., London, E.C. Estd 1788



Miss Olive May,

one of the four charming actresses for whom Poinsetta was specially created, writes:—

"I am surprised that a perfume of such rare charm and delicacy can be obtained at such a price. Poinsetta is unobtrusive but sweetly all-pervading."

Fresh as the living flower is the fragrance of Poinsetta; intense as the bouquet yet delicate as the single blossom is its "all-pervading" charm. "Poinsetta" is so full of charm that one seems to find a new delight each time it is used.

Atkinson's Poinsetta PERFUME

Poinsetta was chosen as a favourite perfume by Miss Phyllis Dare, Miss Connie Ediss, Miss Gabrielle Ray, and Miss Olive May. It is the creation of one of the oldest-established firms in Bond Street.

"POINSETTA" PERFUME.—In three sizes, 4/6, 8/6 and 20/- per bottle. "POINSETTA" TOILET POWDER.—Blanche, Rose and Brunette. Price 2/- per box. "POINSETTA" TOILET SOAP.—Price 1/- per tablet. "POINSETTA" HAIR LOTION.—Price 6/- per bottle. "POINSETTA" SACHET.—Price 1/- each.

A Special Offer.—A Dainty Box of Samples of Scent, Soap and Powder, together with a plate-sunk red crayon reproduction (7½ × 5½) of drawing by J. A. Simpson, R.B.A., of any one of these actresses your name, will be sent post free for 1/-

The Poinsetta Specialities may be obtained of all first-class Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores, or direct from the Sole Makers. If you should have any difficulty in procuring Poinsetta we shall be pleased to send a bottle post free for 4/6

J. & E. ATKINSON, Ltd.

24, OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.



CHAS. PACKER & CO.

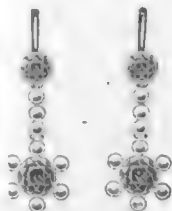
Established over 1 Century

Jewellers and Silversmiths.

FASHIONABLE EARRINGS

FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

THE LARGEST STOCK IN LONDON.



Fine Pearls and Aquamarines.
£2 10 0

Screw fittings supplied for unpierced ears.



Fine Pearls and Diamonds.
£6 10 0

Customers' ears skilfully pierced free of charge.



Fine Pearls and Diamonds set in platinum.
£22 10 0

THE ILLUSTRATED "BOOK OF EARRINGS" POST FREE ON APPLICATION.



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WOMAN'S WAYS.

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Intimidated by
Clothes.

That acute observer of manners, and particularly of the psychology of the middle classes, Mr. Arnold Bennett, always lays great stress on the importance of modish clothes. Does a young woman in the Five Towns wish to dazzle and ensnare the simple masculine biped, she has always enough North Country canniness to array herself in the finest of fine linen, the richest of purple. More, she seeks the dazzling, the exotic, the fashions which are known in Paris, but not in "The Potteries." She will go away a simple, dowdy, provincial girl, and come back an intimidating personage in bewildering garments, which at once surprise and allure. These tactics never fail to cause the undoing of her naïve men-folk. Mr. Bennett, indeed, is intensely aware of the important part which Fashion plays in modern life. It matters not if the mode is hideous or not: it is imposing and bewildering, because it is new, and no mere man is able to "stand up to" a young woman intricately and strangely arrayed. In "Helen of the High Hand," the miserly uncle was utterly demoralised by the cut of his niece's gown. "He was not afraid of her," declares Mr. Bennett. "But he was afraid of her dress—not of the material, but of the cut of it. . . . If she had worn a dowdy and wrinkled alpaca, he would have translated his just emotion into what critics call simple, nervous English. . . . But the aristocratic, insolent perfection of Helen's gown gave him pause." This same Helen, it will be remembered, though only a Board School teacher, with thirty shillings a week to her private fortune, was accustomed to spend no less than seventy pounds a year on clothes. By this kind of allurements she not only succeeded in making her miserly uncle purchase an ancestral mansion in a park, but she finally captured, in lawful marriage, a rising young man who had strayed away and engaged himself to someone else.

How to be Graceful
Though Athletic.

It is curious to find that, with all the modern athleticism of girls, and their fervid devotion to outdoor sports, they still cannot compete (except at tennis and croquet) with the more stolid and muscular male. At dancing, to be sure, which is nowadays a high form of athleticism, the *première danseuse* not only competes with but outvies the particular youth with whom she gyrates and bounds, but dancing, after all, is more an affair of long practice than of actual muscular strength. Mme. Pavlova, the most exquisite dancer of her time, declares that athletics need not make women ungraceful, as so many people fear they do. She protests that the more she dances, the more graceful she can make herself, and, indeed, one

can well believe it. All her movements, however, are on strictly æsthetic lines, which tend to make the body supple and beautiful. The danger to feminine attractions lies in games like hockey and golf, in which the most odd postures must be assumed in order to succeed at all. On a horse—even on a bicycle—a woman can look perfectly graceful and yet perform much the same deeds of prowess as a man. The prudent virgin should choose carefully the kind of exercise which will not rob her of her feminine charm, though it is probable that the woman of the future will be built on robust lines, and that the young man of her period will not fail to find her adorable.

The Monotony of
Modern Fare.

There is no doubt that, in spite of all our boasted modern luxury, there is a singular monotony about the things we habitually eat in England. Pork being voted anathema by modern dyspeptics, and veal being out of favour in these islands, we fall back, year in, year out, on beef and mutton, varied by pheasant in winter and fowls which come from strange lands beyond the seas during the remaining period. In fish, too, we are curiously exclusive and conservative, so that the modern fashion of *hors d'œuvres*—first introduced from Russia—was seized upon with avidity as a delicious change from the predestined soup, fish, and roast. In Imperial Rome they had other views on entertaining than we have nowadays in the capital of the British Empire. Mr. Stuart Hay's exhaustive study of the half-insane Emperor Heliogabalus shows us that peacocks' tongues and flamingoes' brains were ordinary items in the regal feasts of the period, and that "sea-wolves from the Baltic"—whatever they might be—together with fig-peckers from Samos, and African snails formed part of a modish menu before Rome began her final decadence. Without going the length of using these exotic delicacies, I think we might introduce a little more imagination into our dinner-table fare.

The Problem of the
Moment.

The question of the hour is certainly neither our relations with Germany nor the tumult over the servants' insurance, but the problem of how to buy Christmas presents which will please everybody, without an inordinate outlay of money. Some people—chiefly women—set about this annual affair with immense deliberation: making lists, instituting inquiries among children, servants, and poor relations, going out, like the lady in "Howard's End," in a brougham for the day, with pencil, paper, and a companion to help her. These conscientious ones give themselves an infinity of trouble and several nervous headaches before the 25th of December. It is they who throng the various "stores," choosing, with many heart-searchings, the appropriate gifts.

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GANESH is the Hindu God of Wisdom—and "Ganesh" is the trade mark of Mrs. Adair's wonderfully successful treatments and preparations for removing lines from the face, superfluous hair from the face, moles, warts, and broken veins.

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The relaxing of the muscles round the eyes is the cause of that dull appearance, and often of their dim vision; also the straining of the nerves. Therefore my advice is, do not neglect them too long. Go to Mrs. Adair and her trained assistants, and allow her to make your skin clean, clear, healthy, remove the lines, fill out the hollows, and restore its freshness and make your eyes bright and clear.

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During the long hours of sleep the muscles become relaxed, and the face falls out of shape unless supported, and as a youthful appearance largely depends on the preservation of the contour of the face, Mrs. Adair has invented the **GANESH CHIN STRAP** (21s. 6d., 25s. 6d.), which, if worn at night, braces up the sagging muscles. Loss of contour makes the face look old, and alters the whole expression, all of which can be prevented by wearing this light, comfortable strap. It stops the formation of lines running from the nose to the mouth, and keeps the mouth closed during sleep, prevents snoring, and entirely eradicates a double chin. If children who are in the habit of sleeping with the mouth open are made to wear this strap, it will, by keeping the mouth closed, teach them to breathe properly through the nose.

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Send for Mrs. Adair's sensible book on "How to Retain and Restore the Youthful Beauty of Face and Form." It may be obtained from 92, New Bond Street, London; 5, Rue Cambon, Paris; 21, West 38th Street, New York.

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WINDSOR, THE CASTLE OF OUR KINGS.

THERE is no building in the world which, in the eyes of Englishmen, and of those who look to England as their motherland, is so visibly the home and symbol of English sovereignty as is Windsor Castle. About its gray walls and stately towers gather the traditions of nine centuries of kingship, and the legends of a yet remoter past. It stands to-day in all its massive strength and "careless-ordered" majesty, a type of national character, of power and freedom, of beauty "in the bounds of law," and of quiet, austere, solid English comfort. Under our domestic modern kings, Windsor is, even more than in the past, the pattern of a noble English home. In the shadow of its peaceful battlements one can realise, if anywhere, the spirit of the saying that an Englishman's home is his castle. Windsor Castle is the stateliest of all the stately homes of England.

Many books have been written about Windsor, for it is an inexhaustible mine of interest, historically, biographically, and architecturally, but for that very reason it can never be said that there are already enough books about it. Every year that passes is storing up new chronicles and new associations, and every age demands its own record and description. There was undoubtedly room, and with equal certainty there will be a welcome both warm and wide, for Mr. Arthur Goddard's exquisitely illustrated volume, "Windsor, the Castle of our Kings; and some Notes concerning Eton College" (Jarrold and Sons), the latest addition to the literature of our first royal residence. The author's purpose has not been to compete with existing historical works. The object of his book is to deal with Windsor Castle and town mainly from the pictorial point of view, touching briefly on the salient facts of its history, and giving some word-pictures of the past and personal impressions of more recent days. "If," writes Mr. Goddard, "the book should . . . conjure up some pleasant memories in the minds of those who have known Windsor and Eton during the past few decades, by focussing many picturesque phases of the subject within the compass of a single volume, its object will have been attained." That object—one may say from experience—certainly has been attained, and in a manner that could not well be surpassed.

Dealing with the illustrations first—since the book is primarily a pictorial record—it is difficult to convey an adequate idea of their excellence and variety of interest. The frontispiece is a reproduction of a water-colour by William Evans, son of Samuel Evans, teacher of drawing to the daughters of George III., showing a river scene on Montem Day at Eton, with the castle rising nobly in

the background. In addition there are twenty-one photogravure plates, and seventy-five other illustrations. Among the photogravures, whose reproduction represents the last word in modern process work, are some charming landscape scenes of Windsor and Eton and their surroundings. Perhaps the most delightful of all is that from Turner's picture of the Castle, which the master's "golden vision" has lifted, as it were, away from the familiar earth into the realms of fairyland. Other plates give exquisitely detailed views of St. George's Chapel, and of the funeral of King Edward, several historical portraits, and a famous picture in the Castle galleries, "The Misers," by Quintin Matsys. The rest of the illustrations, which include historic events, relics and portraits, buildings and landscapes, are of equal interest as regards their subjects, and only differ from the plates in the method of reproduction. They deal not only with the past, but with such modern scenes as the first aerial post in England, from Hendon to Windsor, and the landing of the first aeroplane at Windsor, on Feb. 1 of this year, when Mr. Thomas Sopwith came to earth in front of the East Terrace, in the presence of the King and Queen.

For the wealth and beauty of its illustrations alone, this volume will commend itself to all who hold in reverence the spirit of loyalty and patriotism. Yet pictures by themselves, however beautiful, are not enough to make a complete book: they need the literary touch that makes them live, and this Mr. Goddard imparts in his pleasantly discursive, anecdotal chapters, which give just so much of history as is needed in a popular work, and light up the movement and colour of the human pageant which has ever, through the centuries, passed in and around Windsor's venerable walls. He writes as one with a lifelong love and knowledge of his native place. His work is no casual piece of picturesque book-making: it is inspired by true feeling and is written from the heart. It has, too, the vivid freshness of personal impressions, as in his description of a private visit to the Castle in Queen Victoria's time, when he saw a table laid for her luncheon, and beside her plate a sheet of paper and a pencil, placed there every day for her to revise the items of Court news to be published in the *Court Circular* next day; or again when, as a boy, he ran after the carriage of Garibaldi at Eton, and as the great Italian patriot smilingly stretched out his hand, was "for one moment literally in touch with a man whom I at least knew even then to be a maker of history." This is one of the personal touches that make all the difference between a dry topographical compilation and a book of living interest.



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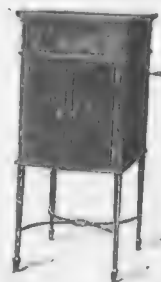
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THE GENIUS OF THE RUSSIAN BALLET.

THE Recreator of the Russian Ballet. That, in a sentence, is the proud and enviable distinction of M. Michel Fokine, whose official title on the programme of the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, is that of Choreographic Director. As all who have seen the beautiful ballets are aware, nearly every dance for both the individual and ensemble has had his name attached to it. The only exceptions are those which belong to the older generation. A notable example of them is "Le Lac des Cygnes," in which Mme. Krzeszinska has made so conspicuous a success, and has given one of the most wonderful exhibitions of technical skill ever seen on the ballet stage of London. This ballet was invented by the late M. Pepita, who, during his life, was the great Maître de Ballet of the Imperial Theatre, St. Petersburg. Even in it, however, M. Fokine's influence has made itself felt, for to his inexhaustible inventive genius are due the Valse and Danse du Prince in the second tableau, the performance of which affords M. Nijinsky an opportunity of showing yet another phase of his inimitable skill.

A dancer himself, M. Fokine is at present appearing in some of his own ballets at the Imperial Theatre, in which he rules as Maître de Ballet. London has not seen him dance, for he has had so much to do in producing several ballets in a very short time that it was impossible for him to appear on the stage. Paris, however, has had the joy of seeing him and has acclaimed him one of the greatest of his genre. He was educated from his childhood in the school of the Imperial Theatre, where, in due course, he made his début as a dancer. More than ordinarily gifted, he noticed that the ballet had become, to a certain extent, overloaded by tradition, and was in danger of being overgrown by the exaggerations of the new Italian School.

In a land of revolution M. Fokine became a revolutionary in the art of the ballet. About that time many people began to be interested in the ballet, and artists—painters, writers, musicians, etc.—were imbued with the necessity of making the ballets reproduce the style, manners, and customs of the people and period with which they were concerned. M. Fokine threw himself into the movement and endeavoured to get expression given to his ideas. Even when he became Maître de Ballet, however, his efforts to establish a new order of things were hampered and handicapped, if not rendered absolutely unavailing, by the conventionality of a certain section of public opinion, as well as some of the ballet-masters whose ideas were those of the old school.

Like many other innovators, M. Fokine had to learn that no man is a prophet in his own country and to wait for a foreign

nation to accept him before he was recognised at home at his true worth. This happened two years ago, when, with the same organisation as is now working at Covent Garden, he went to fulfil an engagement in Paris. In certain of the ballets produced then he was given a free hand. The artistic French nation perceived that a new force had arisen in the world of the dance, and said so in no uncertain voice. Then Russia acclaimed him.

At first M. Fokine was, no doubt, inspired and helped by the artistic environment in which he moved, and by the collaboration of such men, among others, as Alexandre Benois, the painter who wrote the book and designed the scenery of "Le Pavillon d'Armide," as well as Léon Bakst, who designed the scenery and costumes for, and collaborated in, "Scheherazade" and other ballets. Now he invariably works in intimate association with the writer of the libretto and the composer of the music.

The earliest ballet in which M. Fokine found himself—or rather gave others the opportunity of finding him—was based on an incident in "Quo Vadis?" This he translated into terms of Greek art, and studied the dancing figures on ancient vases to get the correct movements and poses for the dancers. In it, too, he made one of his first revolutionary innovations on the Russian stage by compelling the dancers to remove their shoes and to dance barefooted, to the horror of certain people.

For some time he confined himself to the improvement of the ensemble dancing. Then he invented "Le Spectre de la Rose." Its instant success proved that he was as strong in and as supreme a master of solo and duet dances as he is of the other phase of his art.

When inventing his dances, M. Fokine steeped himself in the life of the nation and period concerned, and may be said to work day and night studying everything he can find on the subject in books, pictures, engravings, etc. He is doing this at present with "Le Dieu Bleu," a Hindoo ballet on which he is at work. He plans every detail of every movement of every member of the ballet, as well as of the principals, and he teaches each one exactly what he wants done. At the same time, he does not crush the individuality out of the artists, for he retains everything the latter do on their own initiative, if it is good.

Great as has been the influence of M. Fokine on the ballet, his art has had an influence more far reaching than anything he could probably ever have dreamed of. It has been held in certain high diplomatic circles that the performances of the Russian Ballet in London have so helped to frame public opinion as to make possible an Entente between Russia and Great Britain which will be no less cordial than that existing between us and France. Thus can art effect the most vital interests of a nation, and the artist build better than he knew.

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CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Centaur."

By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.
(Macmillan.)

One conjectures what the General Reader will make of "The Centaur." For the General Reader, according to a recent appendix by Mr. De Morgan, looks for his books from Mudies' or the *Times* to contain tidings of "bounceable young women who ought to know better, but don't; of detectives, if possible, of motors and aeroplanes anyhow." Mr. Algernon Blackwood gives him none of these things; and, indeed, it is easier to say what "The Centaur" is not than what it is: so nice is its balance between a very wonderful tale of faery and an impassioned mystical philosophy. Young Terence O'Malley, who is described by his friend, an insurance clerk, as a singular Irishman, often in revolt against cities and civilisation, always impressionable to the moods of Nature, started on a journalistic commission among the tribes of the Caucasus. He described afterwards to this friend the company he found on the coasting steamer which carried him from Marseilles to the Levant and the Black Sea. Especially was he attracted to a couple—father and son apparently—noticing first their uncommon air of bulk, then the denial of it on direct inspection, and finally the eyes of the elder man, which betrayed the eyes of the hunted creature, unrefined but about to gain shelter. No one on the ship spoke to this remarkable couple, speech seemed difficult to them both. "The man, you see," O'Malley explained to his friend, "hardly thought; he felt. . . . Like some very early, very primitive form of life." To cut a long story short (and Mr. Blackwood's is very long indeed, with much repetition), these two—Russians, as they are called, travelling to Batoum—belong actually to that mythical race of centaurs whose memory lives only in the poetry of the old Grecian world. As the steamer passed the Isles of Greece a change began to come over these two companions of his. It was noticeable chiefly in the father. "He grew; became interiorly more active, alive, potent. . . . Clearly, for these two, Greece symbolised a point of departure, of a great hidden passion. Something they expected lay waiting for them there." And as for O'Malley, "joy caught him—the joy of a homecoming, long deferred." The sudden death which presently overtook the boy was like no previous experience of it. For, though the ship's doctor certified that some sudden excitement had strained the heart, both O'Malley and the father had witnessed the glad leap into the sea, had seen him make the first motions of swimming, "not the horizontal sweep of a pair of human arms, but rather the vertical strokes of a swimming animal. He pawed the air." O'Malley and the father met again in a wide valley of the Caucasus.

It was the 15th of June, and O'Malley subsequently learned that the Russian had died that day. Then ensued an amazing adventure for the Irishman. For a brief space he, too, shared the fine, free rapture of a herd of centaurs. And he is finally thrown back into civilisation, even as far as Paddington, where he died in a garret, a glorious Dreamer to the last, capable of referring his landlady to Pan as security for his rent. That is the faery of Mr. Blackwood's story: the philosophy can barely be spoken of here. Fechner and W. James are greatly responsible for it. Nor can its nobility be questioned: that we are the manifestations of the Earth, our mother; that we are to mingle with her, as she must eventually with God; that civilisation and the fever of possession are obstacles in our path to freedom and happiness; that only by losing everything, even life, can we find them.

"A Likely Story."

By WILLIAM DE MORGAN.
(Heinemann.)

Judging by his appendix, which he styles an "Apology in Confidence," Mr. De Morgan is angry with the reviewers. They do not even write at convenient length for pasting into the columns of his volume devoted to Press-cuttings. Perhaps it is by way of revenge on them for this annoyance that he makes his innocent title cover three distinct and quite disconnected stories which are nevertheless hopelessly entangled in each other. The Aikens' quarrel in a Pimlico studio, the mediæval melodrama of the Medici maiden, and the thin love episode of the baronet's daughter are a trinity which no subtlety could make one. But Mr. De Morgan must be given credit for a bold stroke: not only does a picture talk at great length—even the photographs of the picture are endowed with speech. "Any picture can hear that is well enough painted," says the painted heroine of that particular story; and as any photograph may apparently do the same, some of us had need make a revision of our drawing-room portraits. If this appear frivolous comment to Mr. De Morgan, his own humour is responsible for the mood. Take, for example his frivolous comment on afternoon tea: "Tea waited to be made, like Eve when she was a rib. But with a confidence based on precedent; for Tea was made every day at the same time, which Eve wasn't."

"Dan Russel the Fox."

By E. E. SOMERVILLE
AND MARTIN ROSS.
(Methuen.)

No bush is needed above the names of these combined authors for sign that much genial festivity is in store for their readers. Sport can usually be made entertaining by the real sportsman, and when he is backed up by the best traditional Irish humour the rose is gilded indeed. Nor is the element of romance wanting, for a handsome young woman and a brilliant novelist visit the quaint

(Continued on page 1.)

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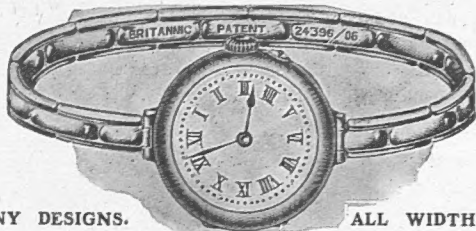
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hunting-box by the lake-side that the widow, Mrs. Delanty, so cleverly tenanted. Delightful tales of Irish character occur even on the steamer that took the party across. Along the railway: "As the Irish Sea drew nearer, forth from amid the Amalekites came the Irish people, and at every station were drawn, as by a magnet, into the Irish Mail . . . Somewhere in the electric light of an October dawn the dreary stir of cross-channel steamer life began . . . and through all the voice of the stewardess, cheerful as ever after her night's vigil, going her rounds with cups of tea, and conversation. 'Now, Mrs. Grogan, ma'am, we'll be in in half an hour! Will I get you some nice hot water to wash your hands?' Through the thin partition Mrs. Grogan's answer came quaveringly: 'Ah, thank ye, no. I'll not mind. I'm going to relations.'" "Dan Russel the Fox" aims at being funny without being farcical, and consists of a series of sketches, very human and always amusing.

"Wholly Without Morals."

BY SHWAY DINGA.
(Duckworth.)


"Wholly Without Morals" cannot in any sense be called a pleasant book. Its purpose is intensely moral—to call attention to two aspects of Anglo-Indian life—the racehorse and the concubine. Kipling's earlier stories were indicative of the fact that Anglo-Indian society was not exactly the home of all the virtues, but he wrote nothing suggestive of the sordid greed for those two material factors—women and money; nothing approaching our author's revelations of the means by which he says young English officers pursue them. One can only hope the revelations are not relatively true, and failing that, trust none dear to us may be launched into such a career. Very ugly things may be made beautiful by the artist with a manner. But a complete absence of literary distinction only emphasises the squalor of those

unhappy episodes which make what the author declares to be his faithful picture of Anglo-Indian sport.

On the Wednesday of the week after next (the 20th) that always amusing and picturesque function, the Three Arts Club Costume Ball, is to be held at the Albert Hall. The doors will be open at 9.30, and dancing will commence at 10 and continue until 4 o'clock. Fancy dress, of course, is *de rigueur*, but Court dress, uniforms, and Venetian cloaks will be regarded as coming within that category and will be admissible. Corelli Windeatt's band of 120 performers has been engaged for the occasion. All correspondence on the subject of the ball should be addressed to Mr. G. Sherwood Foster, Three Arts Club, 19a, Marylebone Road.

As a special Christmas supplement a long list of new double-sided Columbia-Rena Records has been issued by the Columbia Phonograph Company. The price of the 10-inch records is 2s. 6d., and that of the 12-inch 4s. These records include a special issue of selections from "The Spring Maid," introducing all the most catchy songs and airs from that bright production at the Whitney Theatre. Other popular musical comedies of which Columbia-Rena Records can be obtained are "The Count of Luxembourg," "The Quaker Girl," "The Dollar Princess," "The Arcadians," and "Our Miss Gibbs." A feature of the Christmas list is the inclusion of the first records made by the well-known tenor, Mr. Morgan Kingston. Other attractive items are selections from "H.M.S. Pinafore," a number of records of a special Christmassy character, waltzes and other instrumental solos, and songs by various well-known comedians, including Billy Williams, Dusty Rhodes, Burt Shepard, Whit Cunliffe, Charles Austin, Billy Merson, Stanley Kirkby, and Arthur Peel.

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